THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WHAT I WOULD BE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

What would I be,
Dear heart, to thee?
A wild red rose, or a violet sweet,
Nestling low in the grass at thy feet;
A soft pink flush on the gray of thy life;
A fragrance to bear through its storm and strife—
This would I be,
Dear heart, to thee;
For thou art all the world to me.

What would I be,
Dear heart, to thee?
A golden star, or a delicate thought
With a holy peace on its fairness wrought;
A star to pierce through the gloom of thy night;
A thought to beckon thee up to the light—
This would I be,
Dear heart, to thee;
For thou art all the world to me.

What would I be,
Dear heart, to thee?
Could I wish my love, in its loss and gain,
To wake thy soul to an exquisite pain?
Would I be as a cup of bitter rue
If the hand I'd guard as the angels do?
Not this I'd be,
Dear heart, to thee;
For thou art all the world to me.

What would I be,
Dear heart, to thee?
A crimson tint, flaming out from the west,
As a token sweet, on the sun's low crest;
Thy "bird" to warble thee nearer the skies,
Till Heaven's symphonies over thee rise—
This would I be,
Dear heart, to thee;
For thou art all the world to me.

Heathersley Grange;

OR, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A Romance of the Days of the Young Pretender.

"FLY, HUBERT," CRIED HENRY, "FLY FOR YOUR LIFE!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE ESCAPE.

Hugh Hatterick, in common with all men in his own special class of life, and in common with all those of similar temperaments, presumed sometimes upon his position.

He was accustomed not to hear a murmur raised against a word of his uttering; his will, indeed, was law—but in the case of Henry Heathersley he had made somewhat of a mistake.

Sir Digby Heathersley was by no means disliked in the neighborhood. He had resided in or near Trevegar all his life, and his name and that of Lady Heathersley had long been associated with acts of charity, kindness, and generosity.

His son, too, was by no means disliked. At village festivals, at a dance, at a game, he was always foremost; and while many a pair of pretty eyes had looked sadder after a meeting with him, many a young fisherman recollected a wedding present aptly and pleasantly bestowed—a cheery word given in illness—a helping hand proffered in trouble.

So, when Hugh Hatterick uttered the word "Death" and advanced so threateningly towards him, there were murmurs of dissatisfaction from many.

The wrecker looked fiercely round. "What mean you?" he cried; "are we to have spies about us when we can destroy them?"

"No, no," cried one of the men, "but there is no proof that Mr. Heathersley is a spy."

"No proof, eh?" asked Hugh Hatterick. "Is not his father, a friend of Prince Charles Edward, afraid to trust him with his secret? Was he not watching us on the night when the French officers landed? Did I not find him but a moment ago seeking the entrance of our cave? What wanted he with us? Let him say.

"You are a foul-mouthed, false-hearted traitor!" cried Henry. "I want nothing from you. I have sought nothing from you. I was not searching for your cave, and should never have thought of you had you not treacherously seized me. But, now I *have* entered your place of meeting, I have seen enough to make me certain that *some* one ought to pay you a visit. However, I demand instant permission to depart."

"Which is refused," said Hatterick. "Since my companions do not seem disposed to put you out of the way, why, we'll ship you across the seas to the plantations. You'll be out of all our ways then, and we shall certainly not have you prowling about this place any more."

Just as he spoke, however, there was a noise of voices in the cave which adjoined the larger cavern, and as he turned to see what was the matter, a number of men rushed in.

"The 'Ocean Nymph' is coming," cried one; "she is already signalling, and the coast is clear."

"Good," cried Hatterick, "bear him away to the inner cave, and do you Pouncefort," he added, to an ill-looking sailor close at hand, "do you see that he does not escape. You and a couple more will surely be sufficient to guard him."

Henry Heathersley, while Hugh Hatterick was his opponent, had, as I have said, drawn his sword; but when he saw the wreckers circling round him he recognized the absurdity of resisting further.

"Leave me my sword," he cried, "and I will resist no longer, but should you attempt to deprive me of that I will die in its defence. Spare useless bloodshed, and let me go as I am."

"Agreed, agreed," said Hugh Hatterick, "bear him away, waste no time, for we have much to do this night."

Circled round by the desperate crew, Henry Heathersley was forced back into an inner cave, whose mouth was so small that one brave and well-armed man could have defended it against a host.

Here he was left, Pouncefort and two other of the wreckers keeping guard over him.

The time did not pass very quietly.

Continually there came upon his ear the sound of barrels rolled along the hard ground; the exclamations of men carrying heavy loads; the loud commanding voice of the wrecker, Hugh Hatterick, sounding above all the din.

For a long time this continued, and then evidently the whole of the gang congregated in the large cave to carouse.

Large glasses of liquor were sent in to the three who guarded Henry Heathersley, and presently the voices of the smugglers were raised in loud and uproarious merriment; wild songs of the sea, fearful glees expressive of pirate life, were shouted forth in loud keys. Hugh Hatterick and his friends were evidently enjoying themselves over the acquisition of some fresh plunder, or the sale of old.

Henry knew this to be in favor of his early escape. Every mouthful of fiery liquid they imbibed, was so much life and liberty to him.

He watched eagerly the conduct of his guards. Pouncefort drank but sparingly; the other two quaffed the insidious poison as if it had been harmless milk or water.

So went on two hours. Then the noise in the adjoining room began to cease, and the voices died away, and drunkenness and sleep had evidently got the better of the revellers.

The two men who sat by Pouncefort began to roll to and fro, and were gradually dropping into a senseless slumber.

"My time for escape will soon come," thought Henry Heathersley.

The thought had scarcely passed his mind, when a surprise came before him. Pouncefort rose and approached him stealthily.

Henry's hand flew at once to the hilt of his sword.

"Stay," said the man, with a deprecating gesture, "stay, I am a friend."

"Prove it, then, before you approach me," replied Henry.

"I can easily do that," said the man; "but if you are so suspicious that you will not trust me even near you, I cannot, for my words must be heard by no one."

"Come, then, and remember that I am fully prepared against treachery."

Pouncefort approached.

"Do you remember," he said, "a young fellow some two years ago whom you saved from the bullying fury of a ruffian on Trelear Common? I am he! Do you remember accompanying him home, and seeing his sick mother without necessaries, and procuring them for her?"

"I remember it now you speak of it," said Henry; "but I do not recognize your face."

The young fellow shook his head. "No," said he, "I don't suppose you do recognize me. I've been battered about by the storm so much that it would be a difficult thing for you to see in me the quiet youth who tried his best against adverse fortune. No matter how it happened, it *has* happened, and I am a smuggler and a wrecker. However, I am not ungrateful, and I am not going to see you sent away to the plantations—no, not for Hugh Hatterick, or a dozen like him. But if I give you the means of quitting this place, free and uninjured, you must give me your word not to betray us."

"By that means I am making myself one of you," said Henry Heathersley.

"Well," exclaimed Pouncefort, almost angrily, "this is no time for argument. Either you escape now, or you must consent to be shipped off to the Indies. I shan't have another chance. Besides, by betraying us you would be betraying also your father. I might say more; I might remind you that you would destroy me, your preserver, and one nearer and dearer still. Come, give me your promise, and follow me before my companions wake."

What could Henry do? He had forgotten for the moment that his father was so deeply involved with the wreckers, and now a slight suspicion entered his mind that the one whom he loved so well might also be interested in the matter.

His hands, therefore, were hampered.

"I will promise," he said. "Let us go at once."

"I am delighted," returned Pouncefort. "Come, follow me carefully, for some of these fellows, and Hugh Hatterick especially, will wake on the instant, even from their drunken sleep."

Taking up a small flambeau, which nearly burnt down, waved its flickering flame near the doorway, the wrecker led the way into the larger cave.

There was no time now to contemplate the scene. Had there been, Henry Heathersley might have beheld a strange one. Leaning against barrels, half lying over them, and over bales of goods, and on the floor, were the forms of the senseless wreckers.

All was still within the cavern, save the loud snoring of the men, and the roll of the sea below its rocky mouth, and the roar of the wind.

Slowly Pouncefort and his companion entered. One glance round sufficed, and then they picked their way between the sleeping men, until, upon arriving at the narrow opening which led up upon the downs, they found that Hugh Hatterick was lying across the opening.

He had so placed himself that there was no possibility of crossing him without waking him.

"See, now," said Pouncefort, in a whisper, "if he sees me with you, he will know I have betrayed the band, and death will be my portion. You must take this torch, and leap over him. I will retire to my place."

So saying, he placed the torch in the hands of Henry Heathersley, and moved back.

Summoning up all his resolution, Henry plunged over the wrecker, but as he did his foot struck him violently in the face.

In an instant Hugh Hatterick sprang up. Full of drink as he was, he comprehended at once the situation.

"Ha!" he cried, drawing a pistol from his belt, "you would escape, would you? Not with life, though, my fine fellow."

He had no time to say more.

With a sudden spring Henry Heathersley dashed towards him, and struck him a violent blow in the face with the blazing torch. With a yell of rage and pain the wrecker sprang backwards, and his pistol exploded in the air.

Henry waited for no more, but feeling his road as best he could in the darkness, he made his way towards the opening of the long passage, and soon reached in safety the open air.

Either the blow had rendered Hugh Hatterick insensible, or he was too inebriated to resent it; but at any rate Henry was quite unmolested on his road home.

It seemed strange to him to think as he passed along through the quiet village, and into his father's grounds, and up into his own chamber—it seemed strange and almost beyond the range of possibility that he should have but just issued forth from a den of desperate and blood-stained robbers!

CHAPTER XIII.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I could say good-by until to-morrow."
Romeo and Juliet.

"On the third night—on the terrace—at ten," Captain Hubert Rivasole had contrived to say, without being overheard by Sir George Heathcote, when he so inopportunity met them at the ruins of Trelear Castle.

Eagerly did both look forward to this moment, which was to be one of mingled pain and pleasure, a moment when vows would truly be renewed, and yet when the terrible agony of parting would have to be endured.

During the intervening time they had seen nothing of one another. Sir George Heathcote, while not permitting his brother-in-law, Sir Digby, to observe anything peculiar in his manner, had succeeded in keeping the lovers from having any communication with one another.

He had done this, as he fondly imagined, entirely by his own cleverness and discretion; in this, however, he was signally wrong, for by a tacit understanding neither Alice nor Hubert desired to risk the success of that last long-desired meeting which was to bridge over the past and the future.

At length the evening came. A balmy, exquisite one it was, considering that the winter was fairly in his prime, and old Christmas was approaching, and the naked branches of the trees showed how summer had long since stalked away from the land.

The sky was beautifully clear, and over the still ocean hung the myriad lamps of Heaven in calm and brilliant majesty. There was scarcely a breeze stirring, and the leaves of the evergreens which shaded the terrace were perfectly motionless.

In one way there could not have been a better, and in another way there could not have been a worse night for the meeting of the lovers. It gave them a pleasant and a calm time for their love-making, but it also gave them a chance of discovery.

However, neither thought of this. All their dream was of one another, and at the appointed hour the French windows were opened gently, and Alice Heathcote stepped forth. Instantly the tall form of Hubert Rivasole sprang up from the shadows, and was beside her.

"Dearest Alice," he cried, as he passed his arm round her waist and kissed her fondly, "you are to your time exactly, yet I have waited in all impatience. We have but a short time to be together; may I once more urge my suit?"

"Your suit has been granted long since, dear Hubert," said the young girl, as her head nestled confidingly on his shoulder. "I have promised to be your wife."

"I know it," cried Hubert, "I know it, Alice. But you cannot have forgotten the greater favor I asked you. We are here alone—unwatched. Fly with me to-night; once in France you can become my wife, and your father will be glad to forgive us."

Alice was all in a tremble now. She would gladly have consented at once, but she feared the worst consequences—she feared that they might even now be watched, and that by some untoward accident they might be separated forever.

"Oh, Hubert," she cried, "do not ask me this. Trust in my love. I swear I will never deceive you—I will be ever true and faithful to you! But think now, if we are watched, what would be the result of flight."

"But we are not watched, dear Alice," cried Hubert.

"We know not, dear one. Fancy, now, if my father stopped me on the beach—fancy if, after a desperate struggle, I was taken from you? What would be his feelings? What would be his actions? Do you suppose we should ever meet again? No, Hubert, never!"

The young captain pressed her more closely to his heart. "Oh! do not plead thus against my soul's dearest wish, Alice," he said. "Think how fortune may waft me from you. Remember that a soldier *must* pursue the path of duty, no matter whither it may lead him. Think how long it may be before I can return to England; and think how my sword would win its way to glory, were I to leave you behind me in my own bright land, a soldier's loving, trusting wife, praying for her husband's safety. Oh! think, Alice, what sorrows, what troubles, what agonies we may both have to endure if you remain behind with those whose sole aim in life seems to be to separate us!"

Thus he pleaded on, until the young girl's resolution began to fail her.

"Oh, if I consent Hubert, will it not be wrong—be cruel to my father?" she murmured.

As she spoke the "if," that told that she was yielding to her lover's entreaties, something moved near them—so slowly, glidingly, noiselessly, that it seemed truly as if one of the shadows of the evergreens had detached itself, and was moving away through the grounds.

The lovers did not observe it. Clasped in each other's arms, they awaited the signal which was to bid them hurry down to the beach.

From the high terrace they could command a fine view of the cliffs and the ocean beyond, and upon this night the red light on the smuggling craft would be readily distinguished.

Presently Hubert started. "See," he cried, "there is the light. See how its red beams quiver on the rippling waves. Let us hasten, Alice—hasten to freedom and to love. Ah! what is that? Some one approaches—we are discovered!"

Discovered or not, they had only time to reach the French windows when a man rushed up the steps leading down into the grounds. It was Henry Heathersley.

"Fly! Hubert," he cried, breathlessly. "Fly, for your life!"

"Oh! what mean you, Henry?" exclaimed Alice, as she clung to her lover. "What danger threatens him?"

"There is not a moment to spare," said Henry. "You are betrayed. Yonder along the road come a body of soldiers, headed by Sir George Heathcote. They are in search of you as a friend and spy of the Young Pretender. Fly, if you would not lose forever the treasure you most prize!"

"But Alice—Alice!—what of her?" exclaimed Hubert, distractedly.

"She must remain behind. You cannot take her with you. You imperil her safety and your own by remaining another moment."

"Oh, Alice?" said Hubert, in choking accents, "am I then to lose you, just as I had won your consent? Oh! dearest girl, I go, but to return. Farewell, since it must be so. Be constant, and not all the armies of England shall keep you from me."

So saying, he strained her once more to his breast, and turned towards the steps.

"Yonder is your road," cried Henry; "there by the briars—you know it. Go quickly, by yourself, and embark at once. If you do so in safety, show a green light."

"And you?"

"I remain here to save you, and protect my father."

The young captain then once more waved his hand to Alice—and sped away across the grounds.

When Sir George Heathcote and his men arrived in the gardens, they saw the tall figure of a young man standing on the terrace, and a girl leaning, evidently in deep sorrow, on his shoulder.

"We have the traitor now!" cried Sir George Heathcote, passionately. "Seize him, my men!"

The soldiers at once advanced up the terrace, and Sir George placed his hand upon the shoulders of the young man.

"Captain Rivasole, I arrest you in the name of His Majesty, George the Second!" he said.

Henry turned his face full upon him. "You have made a mistake, uncle," he said. "Captain Rivasole is not here."

Sir George staggered back in amazement.

"You here, Henry?" cried he. "Why, where is the captain?"

At this moment, the red light upon the poop of the smuggling vessel was extinguished, and in another instant a bright green light shone over the ocean.

"See!" cried Henry, exultingly; "see yonder green light, which gleams so radiantly over the sea?"

"Yes, yes! But what of that?"

"That light," said Henry Heathersley, "shows that Captain Rivasole has escaped."

"I do not believe it," exclaimed Sir George. "I shall search this house."

Henry seized his uncle's arm, and gripped it fiercely.

"Have a care, uncle," he said. "The only one whom your suspicions will harm here is my father."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE AVENGER ON THE TRACK.

Meanwhile we will ask our readers to accompany us on board the brigantine, whose green light had proclaimed to Alice and Henry the safety of the young French captain.

Hugh Hatterick, early in the evening, had kept watch at the mouth of the cave until he saw the white sails of the brigantine spreading in the breeze. Then he called four of his men, and they rowed out towards it.

This was not according to the preconcerted plan, which was simply that he should be under the cliffs, and be in readiness to row Hubert Rivasole out from the quiet bay.

Hugh Hatterick's mind, however, was always at work.

Since the night when Henry had dashed the blazing torch in his face, and sent him reeling back among his drunken comrades, he had thought of nothing but revenge, and if he for a moment forgot it, the pain of his wound, the hideous scar which now seamed his forehead, would have reminded him of it.

To allow Captain Hubert Rivasole to quit England only to return to it, was simply to ruin his own plans.

He knew well that the French captain loved and was beloved by Alice Heathcote. His object, therefore, was to separate them, in order to aid Sir Digby in his project of marriage between Henry and his cousin.

On reaching the brigantine, therefore, he clambered eagerly up its sides, and asked for Steinmetz, a German sailor, whom he knew well as being mixed up greatly in their smuggling transactions.

The German, a short, fat, podgy specimen of his race, was soon found.

"Ah! mein friend, Hatterick, and do you well to-night?" he said, offering his broad, greasy-looking hand.

"Not over well," said Hugh, grasping the proffered palm, "not over well. But I tell you what, you can assist me in getting better."

"Ah! I see," he said, laughing; "you want some brandy."

"That's not it," replied Hugh Hatterick. "What I want to speak to you about is private—it relates to the French captain you are awaiting."

"Ah! he is a goot man—fine fellow—great friend of the French king."

"Yes, yes, I know all that; but he is an enemy of mine, nevertheless."

"An enemy of yours! and how so?"

"Simply because he stands in the way of my accomplishment of an object which is dearest and nearest to my heart. He must be kept from setting foot again on England."

The German glanced at Hugh Hatterick doubtingly.

"I couldn't knife him," he said; "he's a good fellow."

"No, no, I don't mean that. You can keep him from returning far more easily. Give these letters to his commander. They state that Captain Rivasole is unfit for his work; that he acts so as to excite suspicion, and so on. If those reach safely the hands of his officer, he will be sent abroad on foreign service."

"Good; they shall be delivered," said the German; "but see, I must go now, the captain is observing us."

Another person had also been observing them during this conversation, and this was Dick Langham, one of Hugh Hatterick's gang, who was going over to France in charge of the smugglers' goods which the brigantine was filled with.

As soon as the German had gone away, he crept up to the side of Hugh Hatterick as he was preparing to leave the ship. "That fellow will betray you," he said; "pay me well and I'll warrant that the young French gallant never returns to trouble any one."

The look in the man's face was enough to convince Hugh Hatterick that he was in terrible earnest.

"Here are ten golden guineas," said the wrecker; "when you return with proof that the deed is done you shall have twenty more."

"Good," said the man, pocketing the money; "you need have no fear now of Captain Rivasole."

It was with such friends on board that Captain Hubert sailed from England, when both Henry Heathersley and Alice imagined him to be in safety; but before following his fortunes we must follow Hugh Hatterick once more on shore, and see what a network was weaving round his desperate life.

As soon as the green light shone out over the waters, Hugh Hatterick turned his boat's head towards shore, and bade his men row quickly towards the Dead Man's Cave. He jumped ashore, however, somewhat nearer the harbor, and they dispersed themselves by his direction through the town to collect all their mates.

"I'll go on to the cave," he said, "and wait. I've got something most important to say to you all this night."

Hugh Hatterick having given his warning to his friends, moved away towards the Dead Man's Cave.

He had not proceeded far when the same creeping, crawling being which had followed him upon a former occasion, could be seen sidling along by the side of the path and

mingling, as it were, in the shadows. It was the old sexton of Trevegar.

Hugh Hatterick, however, did not notice him. He was far too intent upon his own thoughts.

At length, after a short stay at the inn, the entrance of the cave was reached, and Hugh Hatterick, after one glance around him to see if all was right, slid down among the evergreens and passed into the subterraneous passage.

A moment after, the form of the sexton followed him, and after one glance round, also dived down like his predecessor, and was soon lost to view.

He had not disappeared many minutes before the wreckers began to make their appearance one by one until at length the cavern below was filled, and the conclave commenced its duties.

It was a picturesque scene enough for any one to see who knew not their desperate characters, for the light of the red torches fell brilliantly on their varicolored dresses, and their bronzed faces, and their glittering weapons, and on Hugh Hatterick more especially, standing in the centre of the bright glow, with a heap of gold by his side.

"My friends," he cried, "are we all here?"

"Yes, excepting Dick Langham, who has gone to France."

"Good! Then let me tell you that our plunder has been sold, and that here is the product, which it is for you to divide equally among you. I have something to say, however. I am going to leave you for a time."

"How is that?" asked Pouncefort.

"I am going to be married," said Hugh Hatterick, jovially; "I am going to marry the pretty daughter of our friend here, Douglas Armstrong, the Harbor-master." All eyes were at once directed towards the spot where Douglas Armstrong sat, with his face half buried in his hands, and his eyes fixed upon the floor.

"He doesn't seem much struck with his son-in-law," was the general thought, though none expressed it.

"Yes, I'm going down into the north," continued Hugh Hatterick, "where she's waiting for me, and I'll not be back for a fortnight. Meanwhile, there's much to be done. The 'Ocean Wave's' expected here, and several ships, and you must have a leader who'll tell you how to conduct things properly; so, in my absence, I select Pouncefort."

The name was received with acclamation. The selection was a happy one, and it occasioned no jealousy, because each man saw that it was not a choice of a captain for any length of time.

"Good!" cried Hugh Hatterick; "I am glad that you approve of my choice—most glad. And now share out your money, and let us drink to my pretty bride, and plenty of plunder!"

The money was eagerly and quickly distributed among the fierce and desperate gang, and then the spirits were once more broached, and a scene of revelry began.

Before the hour of three sounded, the gang broke up, and its members rolled home; Hugh Hatterick leaving last.

When all was silent again, a lone and gliding figure emerges from the shadows.

See how he listens! see how slow is his step! see how resolutely still and prudent are all his actions? For his heart is filled with revenge and resolution, and the chance to begin the retribution is at hand.

The old sexton was very careful as he advanced. On tip-toe he approached the treasure-box. Then he applied the keys, one after another, until one fitted.

"Now," he said, "we will find these treasures, and see whether even the villain, Hugh Hatterick, shall not tremble before me."

Presently the lock yielded—the lid flew open, and the treasure was before him.

But no jewels or coins were there. Only papers and strange bundles packed together.

Instinctively the old man's fingers clutched at these, and raising each to the light, he examined them closely. At length he started back—his eyes dilated—his breath almost failed him.

"Merciful Powers!" he cried, as he looked at a bundle of manuscript, yellow and crumpled, and blood-stained, "am I to be the instrument of justice? By Heaven, Hugh Hatterick, you are in my power at last!"

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE POWER OF THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

Sir George Heathcote was for the moment awed, as it were, by the words and the attitude of Henry Heathersley, as he stood upon the terrace of the garden.

"What mean you?" he said. "Do you intend to tell me, seriously, that this French captain has escaped?"

"Escaped is not the word," replied Henry. "He had no reason for escape. He has left England."

"Because, I imagine, that it was best for him to do so," said Sir George.

Then, after a moment's reflection, he added, abruptly—

"But I do not yet believe that he is gone. I shall inquire of your father. Soldiers, remain here for awhile. I will return to you anon."

So saying, he passed into the house, and Henry Heathersley followed him. In the study they found Sir Digby. The baronet looked up in astonishment at his son and his brother-in-law, as they entered his presence thus abruptly.

"How is this, Sir George?" he said. "I am busily engaged at this moment."

"And I, too, Sir Digby. I am in search of a traitor."

"A traitor! And pray who may he be? One might almost fancy, from your words, that it was to me you alluded."

"Not so," said Sir George, "not so. I seek one Hubert Rivasole, a captain in the French army. He is accused of being treasonably connected with the Pretender, Charles Edward. He was seen, not long since, standing upon your garden terrace with my daughter, but now my daughter is alone, and your son tells me that he has left for France. Did you know of his going?"

A sign from Henry, told his father what to say.

"Yes," he said. "I knew of his going, and he is gone. What then?"

"Then I am outwitted," said Sir George. "I admit it; but I do not, even now, admit that he has the best of the game. I will wait and watch. Henry," he added, turning to his nephew, "will you dismiss the men, and say there is no further need of them? Conduct Alice to the drawing-room. I have need of a few words with your father."

Henry Heathersley bowed, and at once quitted the room. Sir George watched him out, and seated himself near his brother-in-law at the table.

Since he had been at the Grange he had been intensely affable, and had never once mentioned the question of business; but now it was evident, by the very play of his features, that he was determined to arrive at some point or another, no matter what might be the result.

"Digby," he said, "I have been sorely trifled with since I have been here; nay, do not deny it. I have been sorely trifled with."

"I do not understand you, nevertheless," said Sir Digby, quietly.

"I will explain," replied Sir George; "while that French captain was here I did not care to do so; but now that he is gone, I think it my duty to go thoroughly into the matter."

"Be it so, my friend," said Sir Digby. "I will aid you all I can."

"Well," continued Sir George, "you will allow that in the original instance I came down here for the purpose of securing a match between my daughter and your son."

"Granted."

"It was upon the condition of this intermarriage that I lent you the enormous sums which I now suspect have been used for political purposes (nay, do not deny it; I shall not press the question.) Were I to sell your estate, and send you and your family adrift on the world, I should not realize the sum which I have disbursed; but I should be quite satisfied if I had any hopes that this union would take place. I have scarcely any hopes now of such an event, and the money will have to be refunded."

"The money refunded! impossible!" gasped Sir Digby, as he leaned back, pale and ghastly, in his chair.

"Nevertheless, such *must* be the case," said Sir George, "your son's affections I know nothing of; but I know this, that my daughter is betrothed to Captain Hubert Rivasole, and would have fled with him this night had I not arrived opportunely to prevent the elopement. Listen patiently now, and I will tell you all I know on this subject."

Briefly Sir George detailed to his brother-in-law the scene he had beheld at the old ruins, and that also upon the garden terrace. Sir Digby listened intently, and with evident sorrow.

"I regret very much to hear this," he said. "I regret it very much; but yet I could not avoid it. I have not thought it necessary to watch either Henry or Alice. Captain Rivasole is away now from England; during his absence we must endeavor to bring about a union between my son and Alice."

"Yes, yes; that is very well," said Sir George, hastily. "That is very well, but I do not like uncertainties, and so I had better tell you at once what I have done. You know that *I*, rightly or wrongly, have set my mind upon this marriage?"

"I do."

"Even if there were no question of money in the matter I should still wish it; but as an immense property is at stake, I will tell you how I have arranged matters. If your son refuses to marry my daughter, all your property at your death reverts to my daughter in the event of her marrying Richard Langton, my cousin. If *she* refuses to marry Richard Langton, then he is my heir-at-law, and both Henry and Alice will be penniless on the world. Langton is a hard, unswerving man of the world, and money is a god with him."

"A hard decision," said Sir Digby.

"A just one, and one that is *made*," replied Sir George, firmly. "You did not think the decision so hard once, when upon the strength of it I sent you the immense sums which I fear you have used for treasonable purposes. Stay, do not make any denials or revelations. I desire neither. This very night I shall ride over to Treloar, where my cousin is awaiting me."

"You say you have already made this will?" asked Sir Digby, anxiously.

"Yes; it is done. Everything has been arranged in form, and if I were to die, Richard Langton has all his own way, always excepting one thing, and that is, the union of my daughter and your son."

"And you are going to Treloar to-night?"

"Yes, I am resolved to go."

"Shall I not accompany you, or send some one with you? The roads are very dark and dangerous, more especially near the Smuggler's Gap; it runs there on the very edge of the cliff."

"No," cried Sir George, rising; "I desire no escort. My thoughts will be sufficient companions. Good-night."

He extended his hand heartily, and Sir Digby grasped it warmly.

"Good-night, George," he said, "you had better wait till morning. Perhaps, ere then, I could persuade my son not to cast us all upon the tender mercies of Mr. Richard Langton."

"You can do that while I am absent," said Sir George; "but I have made up my mind, and shall go. I have a particular wish to see him, ere he leaves for London, and I know he would not care to come here, although he starts early in the morning. I shall see you again to-morrow."

Sir Digby followed his brother-in-law out, and heard him order his horse, and saw him ride away, and watched him, until, in the dark winter night, he disappeared upon the highway. Then he re-entered the house with a deep sigh. For he could not drive the thought from his mind that the night was dark and the road perilous, and that the slightest slip might cast them all upon the tender mercies of the heir-at-law. As soon as he re-entered his study he sent for his son.

"Henry," he said, "I am about to ask you a question, and I want you to answer me straightforwardly. How much do you know in regard to the object of the French captain's visit here?"

"Father," replied Henry, "I know all. Do you remember that night when you met the French conspirators beneath the cliff? Do you remember the fight, the coward's hand that would have slain you, and the one who carried you off in his arms and refused to give his name? I was he, father. I saved you that night, and will save you again, let us trust; but your secret is safe in my hands."

Sir Digby pressed his son's hand affectionately. "God bless you, my son," he said, "but from the worst evil you cannot save me, because you will not."

"Will not?"

"Aye, will not. I allude to this marriage between yourself and Alice, your cousin, upon which your uncle has so set his mind. Alice, so he tells me, is betrothed to Captain Rivasole, and you have aided them, and this very evening endeavored to help them to fly together. Do you forget, Henry, that beggary awaits both her and you, if your fortunes are not joined in the way your uncle desires."

"Ah! my father," said Henry, "I have more faith in the goodness of the human heart than you. My uncle may speak thus now, but he may also change."

"But what if your uncle died?" said his father, eagerly.

"Under God's Providence, that is unlikely—most unlikely," said Henry. "Sir George is a hale and hearty man, and should accident not befall him, has many years to live."

"But accident may befall him," cried his father. "Even this night he has thrust himself into needless peril. In the midst of this darkness he has set forth on horseback, and alone, towards Treloar. He refused all my offers of company and aid, and full of his decision—full of his eagerness to see one who awaits him there, he has just now departed."

In a few brief sentences, Sir Digby explained to his son his interview with Sir George Heathcote. Henry listened with eager ears and swelling heart. The clouds seemed gathering again; Alice and her lover had been defeated in their plans; Violet Armstrong had quitted the neighborhood; and now deprived of the sweet solace of her he loved, it seemed truly as if new and unexpected obstacles were rising up before him.

"This is indeed bad intelligence you give me, father," he said; "but still I will try and look on the bright side. This will may have been made in a fit of spleen; he may retract it. I am sure he is not one who will be harsh and unyielding at the last. I will make some arrangement with him to pay off this great debt, and so free us forever from any fear of this Richard Langton."

"You talk hopefully, my son," said Sir Digby, as he rose and glanced out of the window, "but you do not know your uncle as well as *I* do. By heaven! how dark the night is. Would that Sir George had not ventured out alone."

There seemed truly to have formed itself in the mind of Sir Digby Heathersley a suspicion of something wrong, and this suspicion somehow or another penetrated also into the mind of Henry.

There was silence in the dark old study for a few moments; then came a few remarks about the night, and the father and son parted gloomily. Henry was overcome by a weight of irrepressible grief—a dreary anticipation of something wrong in the future; while the father, having learned how the son had acted towards him—having seen one more proof of his nobility of nature, was loth to use harsh or even resolute arguments in regard to him.

Let us follow now the horseman who set out alone, with anger at his heart, over the dark cliff road towards Treloar.

He sped onwards swiftly enough, knowing pretty well the road towards the old ruins, for he had traversed it often in the morning time, and strolled out with his brother-in-law in the evening; but presently, as the shadows of the night became more dense, he slackened speed somewhat, and after awhile went only at a walking pace.

To any one unaccustomed to pass the Smuggler's Gap, the way was an extremely dangerous one. On one side—only for a short distance, truly, yet enough for a desperate fall—the rocks towered up perpendicularly above your head, while on the other side was a precipice of some two hundred feet in depth, and a path of some three feet to pass between the two.

As he neared this place, the thunder began to boom, and the lightning began to revel in the sky and plunge into the sea. Red forks, deadly violet flashes illuminated the heavens, and the horse, a spirited creature at all times, began to plunge and rear. Now was the danger. But Sir George Heathcote was not the man to draw back. Patting his horse's neck, and whispering words of encouragement, he pressed forward, and just as the thunder died away for a moment, he reached the narrow pass.

Only a minute—scarcely a minute more—and the finger of Fate was pointed deliberately at its victim.

Another flash—a forked, desperate flash, which rent the heavens, and plunged into the bosom of the ocean; then a roll of thunder, which answered to the flash like the reply of offended Nature, and horse and rider had disappeared from the summit of the cliff.

On the rocky pass they stood no more, but below on the shingle lay the mutilated steed, and near it the pale, inanimate form that had once been Sir George Heathcote!

Calmly, in the still majesty of death he lay, with the frightened birds swooping and screaming over him, and the waves plashing near his feet.

But the power to do good or evil had gone from him, and the Fate of the Heathersleys had passed into the hands of Richard Langton, heir-at-law!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XLV.

AT REST.

At Rillsford, Miss Pyecroft insisted upon Diana's taking some refreshment before they proceeded upon their journey. Miss Pyecroft had made some miscalculation, or—as she would not admit that possibility—there must have been some change in the trains which would throw them out, and which obliged them to stay longer at Rillsford than she had expected; consequently, it was past nine o'clock the following morning before they reached Marchington.

Cold, raw, miserable. Diana shuddered as she looked from the windows of the carriage—everything seemed so dreary. They drove from the station to a hotel. Diana, restless and anxious, would have gone at once to Belford street; but Miss Pyecroft, having studied the letter, decided that the danger was not immediate—that John Carteret might be in a hopefully critical state—and that any sudden shock would be dangerous. So she delayed going for a time.

"I had better go first and prepare him, and then return for you."

But to this Diana would not listen. She would not let Miss Pyecroft go without her.

"I will wait in the fly until you have explained," she said; "but I cannot stay here alone."

So they started; and as they left the better streets, and turned into the less imposing ones, Diana's heart sank to think of where John Carteret—without one word of love from her—had been dwelling these two years, whilst she had revelled in luxury.

Belford street!

John! John! Was he alive? She seemed to breathe with difficulty.

But Miss Pyecroft was a host in herself.

"How is Mr. Carteret, to-day?" she inquired of the servant who opened the door.

"A little better, ma'am."

Miss Pyecroft turned to Diana with the welcome news. "Stay here, my dear," she added, "until I come for you."

So Miss Pyecroft, asking to see Miss Carteret, entered the house; and Diana nestled back into a corner of the fly, and took a survey of the humble residence in which John Carteret had lived, and from whence he had gone forth to his labors.

Perhaps for a moment she remembered what he had said to her about poverty, and felt how hard a thing it must be to bear; but the next instant she knew that she could have borne it cheerfully, willingly, thankfully with John Carteret;—that she could, with him, have realized the great truth put forth by the Master, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesses." When that truth is understood by man as a truth, and not merely as a sublime utterance, then, and not till then, is man a monarch, and the world a conquered country at his feet.

She peeped out cautiously, noting each belonging of the house, that seemed to her wealth-accustomed eyes all the poorer from the neat and respectable air of everything about it, which gave it a stamp of something higher, suggesting a sort of defiance of the humble means of the indwellers, and planting a prouder standard above them. And, as she gazed thus furtively from her corner, wondering which room was occupied by John Carteret, there suddenly appeared at the lower window a white face, which looked out listlessly, and then vanished.

Diana shrank farther back. *He* must not see her. And she remained as one fascinated—her eyes steadily watching the window, to see if the face appeared again. But it did not. Diana was in a dream. She sat motionless. She had seen John Carteret. She had uttered no cry. She had received no shock. Something had deadened all her faculties, and made her very quiet; and she neither seemed to hear nor see, though her eyes were strained after another glimpse of the vision.

It must be hours, she thought, since Miss Pyecroft had entered the house. How long it seemed! Perhaps *his* sister would not let her see *him*. The idea fastened upon her strongly. Perhaps their meeting might be prevented, and she should have all the old pain to go through again. If she could only see him, only speak to him once. And she was so near. Would it be forbidden?

Her eye fell upon the street door, which was very slightly ajar. Perhaps, if she had weighed her impulse, she would not have acted upon it; but it took her by surprise. She opened the door of the fly, sprang out, and, gliding up the steps and into the passage, found herself with her hand upon the door of John Carteret's sitting-room.

The contact with the cold knob startled her, and she was drawing back, when a feeble voice said—

"Come in."

His voice! She hesitated no longer. She opened the door, and in another moment was at John Carteret's side.

"John!"

The color came into the pale face, and then died away, as he gazed in wonder at the vision before him. Could it be real, or was it only a dream?"

"Diana!"

She nestled closer to him. She threw her arms around him.

"John, John, it was not true—you do love me!"

But he did not answer. His head had fallen gently back, and his eyes were closed.

"John!" she almost shrieked, "speak to me!"

For an awful thought oppressed her—the sudden shock might have been too much for him.

But it was only a momentary faintness that had come over him. He opened his eyes slowly, and looked at her with the old look that she had thought of night and day.

"Di!" he said, wonderingly. "My own darling!"

"I have frightened you, John. I have come too suddenly. I ought to have let them tell you."

"It is over now," he said. "You must tell me some time how it all is. I only know that you are with me—that you are mine again—that it is all right forever and ever."

He drew her closer to him; and, in one long kiss, their hearts met, and understood each other, never to misunderstand again.

Then there was a silence, but neither asked the other of the long parting that had come between them. It was at an end now; was but as a thunder-cloud that had rolled over the heavens, to clear the way for a brighter, purer sunlight.

At rest. Even on earth there comes a rest at times, when the soul has struggled through doubts and difficulties, and, like the dove, has found the surging waters of the flood abated, and a dry place made upon the earth—a place of blossom, where the olive yields her fruit, and over which the rainbow casts its glowing splendor. And in the divine stillness of the peaceful hush, a voice is whispering in the heart of peace and joy, and man seems for a moment nigh to heaven.

Miss Pyecroft and Alice Carteret talked on, engrossed in explanations that took longer than they were aware; and they were not yet fully through them when Miss Pyecroft suddenly exclaimed—

"Dear me! I had quite forgotten. That poor girl is sitting waiting. Will you go and see if your brother is able to see her?"

And Miss Pyecroft went to tell Diana of the result of her interview.

Alice hastened to her brother.

"I know your errand already," he said, smiling at his sister's astonishment. "Di found her way to me without the help of any one."

Alice Carteret turned towards Diana, who had sprung up at her entrance, and now stood facing her. And she became more and more astonished, for the face was quite familiar to her. Where had she seen it before? Then all at once she remembered the girl she had seen at Thale.

"We have met before," she said, as Diana's shy, appealing glance met hers.

"At Thale," answered Diana. "Can you forgive me?" she added, impulsively. "It was not quite my fault." And then her eyes dropped down, and she asked, timidly, "What must you think of me?"

Alice Carteret glanced for a moment at her brother, into whose face such a sudden light had come, and then into Diana's beseeching eyes. But she made no reply. She stretched out her arms, and Diana was in a moment clasped to her heart. She had found a sister.

Miss Pyecroft looking in in search of Diana, withdrew hastily. A great sob—such as had not risen in the Pyecroft throat since the day of her father's funeral—choked the utterance of any speech with which she might have felt it her duty to improve the occasion. Therefore she retreated to the little back parlor; and, in spite of the dignity of the Pyecroft pedigree, the force of character on which she prided herself, and the innumerable proprieties which had surrounded her as moral and social *chevaux de frise*, Miss Pyecroft sat down, and had a regular good cry.

And, what was singular, when she recovered herself, she felt none the worse for it—indeed, rather the better. Possibly, too, Miss Pyecroft felt that, of all the missions she had undertaken in her life, this might not altogether be the most unsuccessful, and might be a crown twined of such grateful flowers that their fragrance would last and last into far distant days.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE "VITA NUOVA."

Winter flew by on snowy wings, bearing Diana farther into the "new life," which had begun for her on that Sunday when she had first seen John Carteret.

Like the child Dante gazing on his Beatrice, and gathering into his heart, through her, visions of fame, of glory, of beauty ineffable, and of perfection to be striven after—so had Diana awaked to a longing after something higher—awaked to a knowledge of herself, through the divine influence of soul on soul, until she came to echo the words of Thekla, and to say also—

"— His alone
Is this *New Life* which lives in me. He hath
A right to His own creature. What was I,
Ere His fair love infused a soul into me?"

There had been a wedding—a very quiet one, for the bridegroom was yet in feeble health, and the bride an orphan, without kith or kin. But a frank-hearted seafaring man had given the bride away, and settled upon the married ones a dower sufficient to meet their simple wants. The worthy captain accounted himself a stepfather to them now, through the approaching marriage of his son with the bridegroom's sister—for Charles Stanfield had fallen once more in love, this time to meet with a more successful issue, and Captain Stanfield was thoroughly satisfied with his choice.

Diana's wedding was perhaps a little hasty and premature; but it settled all difficulties—especially the important one as to home and guardianship.

Jasper Seaton had been persuaded to give his consent, through the last person he had ever thought would influence him. A circumstantial letter, written by Miss Pyecroft, which developed her knowledge and ignorance, moved him to make the best of what was ultimately inevitable, and had prevented his making his appearance at Marchington, to claim his ward.

He wrote to Diana. He pleaded his love in extenuation of all he had made her suffer, and he besought that he might convey to her Anne de Mouline's legacy.

At first Diana refused; but again he urged it earnestly. "The money," he said, "would cling to him like a poisoned robe—would sting him if he touched it. Would she not relent, and let him have the satisfaction of acting in accordance with his sister's wishes? You do not refuse my gift," he concluded, "but you refuse hers, if you will persist in preventing my carrying out her last request. It may be that what you have been to me may yet bring forth fruit, even as she hoped. That remains for the future to reveal. Or it may be that my hopeless life may strand me more irretrievably on the shores of despair. One thing alone is certain—that I shall never feel you have forgiven me unless you let me fulfil the intention of her who, in life and in death, was the truest, most loving friend and sister that man ever had."

And so Diana's pride gave way, also her indignation.

"Poor Jasper!" she ejaculated. And the remembrance of all his good deeds, his kindness—selfish though it had been—brought blinding tears into her eyes, that wiped away the stains that clung to him, and then passed from her mind forever. For had she not regained her *Paradise*, and was not her golden harp too well in tune to give forth one discordant note?

Then, too—as was her wont—she began to reproach herself, and to feel that there had been shortcomings on her part towards those who, in spite of these later misdoings, had lavishly bestowed upon the orphan all the luxuries of life, and given her a home without her having any tie upon them. She had written to Mrs. Seaton a long, grateful, and penitent letter which Mrs. Seaton had thrown into the fire, saying—

"She never was like other girls, and I'm glad she has gone. If Jasper doesn't take it to heart, I shall be thankful that things have happened as they have done. And if Jasper is not a fool, he will soon find some one worth half a dozen of her."

So argued Mrs. Seaton, so agreed Dr. and Mrs. Crawford; and Jasper went abroad again—his restless, irritable spirit not allowing him to settle down calmly at Broadmead.

It was in a cottage nigh the seashore, in one of the southern counties, that John Carteret and his wife began their married life—how soon to end, none knew. But many shook their heads as they looked on the frail figure and spiritual countenance of John Carteret.

Yet, who could tell?—for the bruised reed oftimes rears up its head, and the voice of the angel gathering in the harvest might yet be far in the distance.

"What thinkest thou, Giuseppe—will he live or die?" asked Signora Neri of her brother. "The child is so full of joy, of hope, of life, that one trembles; for it seems to me that Mr. Carteret fades before our eyes. What thinkest thou?—thy music can be no prophet here."

Signor Neri looked grave.

"Who knows, my Orsola, what the end may be? But what matter! This life is but a short one at best, and the souls have met, and understood one another on earth; so that, in the long future of eternity, they shall not be separated."

"Giuseppe, is not this strange doctrine?" asked his sister.

"I know not," he answered; "but as one grows older, and travels along the road that draweth nearer and nearer to the unseen country, one learns by the wayside many things that, at the outset, one was too thoughtless to perceive. But now, to me, the unseen seems more real than the seen, the future more our own than is the present; the present fleeting, the future everlasting; the world a shadow, and the golden city, with its jewel-flaming walls, substantial. Nay, but as travellers in an uncertain night, with failing strength and with frequent storm, do we grope onward. Were it not for the celestial rays that beam in the distance, our hearts would fail, and our footsteps falter. Nay, Orsola, to the unseen land alone do I look forward now. This earth lacks voices I have heard, and faces I have loved—souls that have given back response to mine; and I am yearning to find them there. So comes this longing to us all in time; until, in the last days, when the sun, and the moon, and the stars be darkened, we become impatient, and weary to go home."

Signora Neri looked at her brother in surprise. The old man's eye was lighted up with an expression such as she had never seen there before.

"What matter," he continued, "whether the one shall cross the river a little sooner than the other? The darkness on this side will be but for awhile. Up from the gloom will rise a purer light than ever—a light luring onward, upward; for soul shall feel the mystic influence of soul, until at last it mounts on Silver Wings to Heaven!"

THE END.

Washed Ashore.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ETHEL DANE.

"Ay! the sea is moaning to-night, and we'll have a squall before many hours, or the signs will fail for the first in a lifetime."

And the speaker, Robert Hilton, keeper of the light-house at Rocky Point, gazed anxiously over the troubled waters. Slowly the old man passed up the stairs, to perform the duty of lighting the lamp whose bright rays, if God so willed, should act as a beacon of safety to the travellers on the stormy deep.

The darkness of night settled gloomily down, and many a heart in the humble cottages of the fishermen prayed for the husbands and sons who might then be performing a sailor's duty.

Suddenly the storm burst forth in its wildest fury, and the distant boom of a signal gun told that a ship was in danger.

"God help the souls on board!" was the involuntary cry, as the men, with one accord, leaped over the jutting crags and peaks which hemmed in the foaming sea.

Boom! boom! boom!

Surely the vessel would be dashed against the rocks, for it seemed impossible for any ship—no matter how staunch and trim—to live in such a storm. Fires were quickly kindled along the shore, and the brave-hearted fishermen hastened to see what assistance could be given to those beseeching their aid.

Crash! and the ship had struck the fatal rock.

Ropes and casks were hastily thrown out by those watching the wreck, hoping that some poor soul struggling in the angry flood might thus gain a respite from death.

But the waves—foaming and lashing in the fury of the storm—seemed reaping a harvest of souls; for of all those who that day had trod the deck of the "Princess Maris," in the glow of health, one only escaped the fate of becoming food for sharks.

"Ho! some one bring a light!"

And the sturdy voice of Newton Hill sounded above the roar of the sea. Lights were taken, and at the edge of the foaming breakers, Hill was seen bearing away a body that the waves had washed ashore. Strong hands carried the dripping form to the nearest cottage, where they found a little child clasped tightly on the dead woman's breast.

"What shall we do, Mother Finley?" asked one woman in waiting.

"Ay! the cruel waves have sent the lady to her last reckonin'," moaned the old woman; "but some one unclasp her arms and take the child. God grant we may save one life to-night."

Mothers—that had children tucked snugly away in their cribs at home—took the little one carefully away from the death-chilled arms that enfolded it, and then robed the dead body of the stranger for burial on the morrow.

"Who will claim the babe?" asked Grandame Finley, after the child had been kissed and cried over by half a score of women.

"I will, neighbors," answered a voice husky with emotion. "The good Shepherd called home one of our own flock not long since, and this little waif will help fill the vacancy. Won't it, wife?"

And he glanced toward a woman sitting in the corner of the room, holding the babe in her arms.

"Yes, William, and God deal with us, as we do with the life so strangely saved to-night."

Thus it happened that the little waif, flung from the foam on that wild, stormy night, was cherished in the heart and home of William Chilton.

"Any name, Ellen, whereby we may gain knowledge of her parentage?" asked Mr. Chilton, as they sat in their own cosy room.

"I have only found this one word "Adrian," stamped on her garments in a wreath of roses."

"A small clue, but it may bring joy to some troubled heart."

* * * * * * *

Seventeen years had passed, and Adrian, the little sea-waif, had budded into the full bloom of womanhood.

Seated on a rock by the moaning sea, she was gazing dreamily at the tossing waves, as they dashed their spray almost at her feet.

"Oh sea! beautiful sea," she murmured, "'tis seventeen years to-night since your waves washed the frail life ashore, and in all that time no sign to solve the mystery which envelopes me. Is there not beyond your waters wide, some heart mourning for the love which I might give?"

And she clasped her hands appealingly, waving them to the far-off shore. But the sea gave no answer, only bounded on in its untamed freedom.

"Adrian!"

The voice sounded over the cliffs; but looking up, there stood Wilmot Clyde on the peak above. In a moment he was seated on the rock by her side.

"You looked like a sea-nymph, Adrian," he said, "with your white face, glittering hair and mournful eyes, peering so wistful over the waves."

She glanced up without speaking.

"Ah! I see the trouble," he continued. "Why not accept your fate? for the sea will never answer, or solve the mystery you are seeking."

"Wilmot," and her voice rang out earnestly, "the sea will answer."

"How can it?" he asked, awed by her tone.

"I do not know *how*, but my heart tells me that some time on this surf-beaten shore the mystery will be solved."

"But, Adrian, if you would only accept the love I offer you so freely now. Only be willing to lighten my home with your winsome smiles."

"Not yet, Wilmot."

"*When* shall I hope?" And he clasped one fair little hand a prisoner in his own broad palm.

"When the sea answers. 'Tis seventeen years to-night, and the waves may answer soon," she replied.

"And then!"

"*Then* I will choose from the two lives offered."

"Be it so, and in the meantime I shall not despair. But there is a storm coming, Adrian. Allow me to conduct you home."

And the two arose and started toward the little village sleeping so coolly quiet behind the hills. He, handsome as an Adonis—she, a perfect type of womanhood.

* * * * * * *

Midnight, and again a storm was raging at Rocky Point, such as many of its inhabitants had never witnessed.

Fires were gleaming along the coast, and the signal gun was asking for aid.

"Adrian, for God's sake come back! Your life is too precious to be imperiled here."

"I cannot go," she answered; but her voice was not heard in the din and roar around them.

"You must come!"

"I refuse to obey, Wilmot. The ship is doomed to go down, but some life may be spared." And she darted from her lover's grasp.

Half an hour later, she was seen making heroic exertions to rescue a body that the waves were buffeting about.

* * * * * * *

"Will he live, doctor?"

"With care and skillful nursing he may yet recover; but his life hangs on a thread."

How that frail thread was watched! How every wish was gratified! And how Adrian's heart yearned towards the pale stranger that her own fair hands had saved!

And afterward, when the life which seemed flickering in its socket burned up brightly, and the light of reason came to the calm, stern eyes, Adrian felt thankful. But not yet was she fully rewarded.

"Did some one call Adrian?" muttered the sick man.

"Yes, sir, that is my name;" and the fair girl glided to the bedside.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, and such a wild look came into his eyes that she feared insanity would again hold sway.

"I am Adrian," she said simply.

"Adrian, my wife, come back at last!" And he reached out to embrace her.

Mr. Chilton stepped forward, saying calmly, "Do not excite yourself, sir; there is some mistake."

"But years ago I had a wife and child, Adrian. They sailed from Liverpool to New York, and the vessel was reported wrecked, and all the passengers lost."

"What was the name of the vessel?" inquired Mr. Chilton.

"The Princess Maris."

"Father! father!" sobbed Adrian, sinking on the sick man's breast. And parent and child were at last united.

In the evening Wilmot Clyde called at the Chiltons' to inquire after the rescued gentleman. Stepping in the room he found Adrian sitting with her hand clasped in that of the stranger's, and a look of holy calm resting on their features.

"Wilmot, the sea has answered. This is my father, Hamilton Leigh. My friend, Mr. Clyde."

"And you are Adrian Leigh," said the father after a pause, glancing fondly at his new-found daughter.

"Yes, though I never knew my name until to-day."

After the happy congratulations were over, Wilmot asked:

"And what is *my answer*, Adrian? I have waited long."

"It will be yes," she answered, blushing sweetly, "for I have always loved you."

Two years later, and all three were living together in their happy English home.

MAN'S RIGHTS.

According to our talented contributor, Miss Ella Wheeler, the Huff House in Winona, Minn., is worked entirely by men. She says:—"At this most excellent hotel we were served with a first-class dinner, an hour before their usual dinner time. We were informed that the whole work in all departments in this hotel is done by men. 'No women need apply.' I think the proprietor and workmen, in and about the Huff House, are well prepared for the great emergency which Susan B. and Mrs. S. think so near. Who cares how soon women assert their rights, and throw down the egg beater and duster? When man, tyrannical man, can prepare such delicious viands as we partook of at the Huff House, and keep a large hotel in such perfect order, there is no danger of the human race becoming extinct by starvation, or lost in chaos. Go on, *sisters!* cast off the chains of servitude *(?)* and *seize* the ballot from the hand of *tyrant man!* and when you come home *hungry* from the polls, go to the *Huff House* and *take* dinner."

MY PUNISHMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HELEN HARCOURT.

Edgar had asked me to be his wife, and I—oh! how thankfully had I whispered "yes," so soon as my tumultuous joy would permit me to answer his passionate words.

But then Edgar, like his own noble self, had gone from my presence straight into that of my guardian, and Uncle Saul had said "No, at least not for several years."

He said it not angrily, or because he did not approve of my choice, but because he knew that even "love in a cottage" could not long exist without substantial support, and Edgar was poor, only a clerk, and but illy repaid for his unremitting labors.

"Wait, my boy," said Uncle Saul, "be patient yet awhile. You are both young, and can afford a few years' delay. If I were only rich, you would not need to wait; but I can do no more than give Alice a comfortable home. When you can do as much, come to me, and then I will not refuse your plea. If, six months hence, you are both of the same mind still, I will authorize you to publicly announce your engagement, but until then do not, under any circumstances, speak to me of your marriage. Let me at least for a time dream that my one ewe lamb, my all in the world, is still my own. Remember, Edgar, how I have cherished her as the apple of my eye ever since that fatal morn when my beloved sister placed her in my arms, and then soared away to heaven. Be patient and work, Edgar; win a home to place your treasure in, and then I shall ask nothing better than to give my pet into the keeping of one who is better able than I to care for her after life. I shall rejoice to know that she has a protector, for I am an old and feeble man, and only God knows when I may be called away."

And so Edgar and I laid aside all thoughts of being united for several years to come, living happily in the present, as well we might, for not a day passed without our seeing each other, and each week added to the little store of money that Edgar was laboring to accumulate.

For two months after that happy hour when our lips had confirmed the tale our hearts had spoken long before, all went well with us, but then there came a sudden change.

Edgar lost his situation, through no fault of his own, and as it chanced at a dull time for business, all his exertions to obtain another were fruitless.

Day by day he grew more and more despondent, yet his indomitable energy would not allow him wholly to despair, even though he was compelled to draw upon his hard earned savings for support.

"Don't give up the ship, Ed," said Uncle Saul cheerily, "keep up your search; take my word for it you will succeed yet; and now good-by. Take good care of Alice. I doubt if I shall be able to return in less than a month, and you cannot write to me either, for I shall be constantly moving from place to place. I am sorry for that, but I must make the best of it. Good-bye, Alice."

And my good old uncle put his arms around me and pressed a loving kiss on my lips.

Then he shook hands with Edgar, and passed away from my sight.

Ah! how little I dreamt of all that would occur ere I should look upon my loving relative again!

Three days subsequently Edgar burst in upon me at an earlier hour than was usual for his regular daily visit.

"Alice!" he exclaimed, "I have got a situation at last—but—but—"

"*But!*" I laughed, mocking his hesitating tone. "*But!* how can there be any buts in such good news?"

Glancing up into his face, I started at the grave, earnest look upon it, a look of mingled love and pain, and his great blue eyes fixed themselves upon mine as though they would read my very soul.

"Edgar, dear Edgar," I cried, "what is the matter? What has happened? I thought you brought good news?"

"So I do, perhaps," he said; "it lies with you to make it so."

He sat down at my side, and drew me close to him.

"Listen, my darling: I have, as I said, obtained a situation at last, and one that will bring me a very high salary now with the prospect of being taken into partnership a few years hence. And yet I would not have accepted the offer until I had conferred with you, could I have done as I wished, but I could not. Three other men, fully as capable as I, were awaiting in the outer office the result of my interview with the gentleman who had the position at his disposal. Had I not taken it on the spot I must have given it up entirely. So, driven to desperation, I signed a contract to take charge of Mr. Wells's business house in Australia for four years, and—nay, be calm, my dear one, or I shall not have strength to tell you—I must sail in one week from to-day."

I sat as one stricken with a heavy blow.

"Oh, Edgar!" I moaned at length, "I cannot let you go! I cannot, cannot bear it. And for four years, too! Dear Edgar, take back your word—you *must* not leave me!"

"I must go! In honor I cannot retreat now. But, my beloved, think well—I must go, but—*need I leave you?*"

And clasping me in his strong arms he waited breathlessly for my reply.

"I understand you, Edgar—but—Uncle Saul? He will not be home for a month, and you know that we cannot tell where he is to ask his advice by letter."

"Then we must act for ourselves without him," was the eager reply. "Alice, dear Alice, do not refuse my prayer. Would you condemn me to four years of separation from you? Think, think, my darling! If your kind uncle were here he would not deny me the boon I ask. But he is not, and if you refuse to anticipate his consent—you drive me to despair, for go I must—with or without you. My honor is pledged, and I cannot retract."

Before Edgar left me I had decided to accompany him. I had yielded to the dictates of my heart, unheeding the voice which whispered warningly within me—"Wait, let Edgar go alone. Show not this disrespect of your guardian's love and care for you through so many years. Wait, and all will go well with you. The dutiful only are happy."

But I hearkened not, or hearkened only to shut my ears against the warning cry.

And thus it happened that one week later my husband and I sailed from Charleston, leaving a letter for Uncle Saul, explaining how we had been compelled either to enter into an immediate marriage without his consent, or else part from each other for several years, a period which, to our ardent hearts, seemed almost a lifetime.

I felt very happy in the knowledge that at last I belonged solely to Edgar, and he to me, that we need no longer conceal our affection, but might openly acknowledge it before all the whole world, and I looked up in my husband's loving face, scarcely as yet realizing my exceeding happiness.

And yet withal our bright horizon was not altogether cloudless, for I could not forget my good uncle, deserted in his old age by one whom he had loved and cherished as his own daughter.

Nor could I put aside the memory of how my sainted mother, lying on the couch from which she was never more to rise, had said to me—

"My child, I want you to love your uncle as though he were your own father. And above all remember never to act in any important matter without his full approval."

And how had I obeyed her last commands? Even in my great happiness I strove in vain to shake off an undefined presentiment that a merited punishment would yet be meted out to me, for now that I paused to think calmly over the hurried events of the last week I felt that I had not done right, and how could joy proceed from wrong-doing?

During the first three weeks of our voyage the weather continued beautifully clear, with a brisk wind blowing, by the aid of which, as our captain said, the brig was making a splendid run.

But suddenly there came a startling change over the face of the heavens above us.

The sky darkened, the thunder roared, the wind howled through the rigging, and everything betokened a swift approaching strife of the elements.

Every man on board our frail bark exerted himself to the utmost, that it might not be found unprepared to meet the storm-king's fury.

Fiercely, and with fearful suddenness, the tempest burst upon us, and then, after bending before the blast, until it seemed as though she must capsize, the brig rose again and fled before the gale, as an affrighted deer flees from the hunter who would deprive it of life.

The billows rose higher and higher, while the wind hurled the spray in great sheets over the vessel, and occasionally a wave, more savage than its fellows, would bury the trembling craft beneath its foaming surface, threatening to sweep away every living thing on deck.

Four men were required to keep command of the helm, and the captain, after the storm was fairly upon us, never left their side; pale but undaunted, he remained hour after hour at his post, issuing his orders as calmly as though there were no such thing as danger,—yet even I, in spite of my inexperience, in spite of all Edgar's efforts to conceal the truth from me,—could not be blind to our imminent peril.

Groaning and shivering from stem to stern, our bark, for two whole days, fled wildly before its merciless foe.

But at last the clouds broke away, the wind fell, and the seas began to sink.

"Thank Heaven, dear Edgar," I exclaimed, as he came down into the cabin, "thank Heaven the storm is over at last, and we are safe!"

He made no reply, and I looked quickly up into his face, for it was seldom indeed that word of mine passed unnoticed by him.

His countenance was white and stern and set, as I had never seen it before save once, when the fearful tempest was at its height, and even our brave captain acknowledged his fear that the vessel could not live it out.

"What—what is it?" I gasped. "Tell me, Edgar! Is the storm not over? Is our danger not past?"

"Be calm, my little wife, you will need all your strength," he said, hurriedly pressing me to his heart. "Yes, the storm is over, but our danger is not. Look, my dear one." And he pointed to the cabin door, through which a small stream of water had just begun to trickle.

"Do you know what that means? The brig is—"

"Sinking?" I gasped.

"Yes, my darling, and any effort to save it were useless. Come, we have no time to lose. Quick, quick. See how that stream of water is swelling. Come, come."

An instant later we stood upon the deck, where the crew, wild with excitement and fear, were lowering into the sea the one boat that the tempest had spared them.

In vain did their commander endeavor to restore some order and discipline to their movements; they paid no heed to his orders, and the instant the boat touched the water, they with one accord leaped into it, their combined weight sinking it almost to the gunwale.

"Hold! what would you do?" shouted the captain, who remained with us upon the deck. "Would you desert us, rascals?"

"Can't help it, captain," said one of their number. "Can't help it. It's our only chance. There's no room for more,—we're too many here already. Push off, boys."

"Monsters!" shouted Edgar, "would you leave a woman to perish? Do you call yourselves *men?* Leave me, leave your noble captain if you will, but for heaven's sake give my poor wife a chance for her life. Oh! be merciful, if you are human."

"Hand her down quick, then."

"No, no, dear husband," I shrieked, as Edgar raised me in his arms. "Let me stay with you, let me die too! I cannot live without you, my Edgar."

Then I fainted away, and when consciousness returned, I found myself surrounded by strange rough faces, a frail boat beneath me, and the boundless ocean stretching away on every side.

For five days we moved slowly over the smooth sea, without shelter from the burning sun, without food or water, for so suddenly and unexpectedly had the brig sprung a leak, that there had been no time to secure provisions.

But I was scarce conscious of bodily pain, so intense was my mental anguish.

Edgar, my beloved husband was *dead*—that was the burden of all my thoughts; that I might speedily follow him was the burden of all my prayers.

On the morning of the fifth day after the wreck, we were discovered and rescued by a vessel bound for Australia, and scarcely had I recovered from the illness consequent upon my sufferings both of mind and body, when we cast anchor in the harbor of Melbourne.

As all my anxiety was now to return to my poor, deserted uncle, and ask his forgiveness—confessing that my bereavement—terrible as it was—was but the just punishment of my own wrong doing—I was only too thankful to hear immediately on our arrival in port, that a ship was on the point of sailing for the United States.

Her captain on learning my sad story, offered me a free passage, and so I was speedily on my way homeward again, resolved, with God's help, that my whole future life should be an atonement to my uncle, for the contempt with which I had, in practice, at least, treated his loving care.

Faint with my contending emotions, I was ushered into my uncle's parlor by a new servant, who informed me that her master was out, but would return presently.

The moments seemed an age to me as I sat there, but gradually I fell into a deep, sad reverie, which lasted until a slight sound at the parlor door attracted my attention, and glancing towards, it I sprang to my feet with a wild shriek.

I could not credit my senses, for there before me stood my husband, returning my intense gaze with one as eager.

An instant only he paused thus, and then he advanced with outstretched arms, speaking not one word.

And I.

Not until I felt the strong pressure with which he clasped me to his heart, could I believe the truth.

My husband whom I had so long mourned as numbered among the millions whom the seas shall render up unto their Maker at the last trump—my husband, in life and the full strength of his young manhood, was at my side!

Was I awake? Was I not the victim of one of those happy dreams from which we awaken more miserable than before?

I could scarce convince myself that such was not the fact, but when I at length succeeded in believing, oh! how I thanked God for His mercy to one who so little deserved it.

Sitting together that evening with dear forgiving Uncle Saul close by, I told my story, and heard Edgar's in return.

He told me how, after their base desertion by the crew, the vessel seemed to settle down more slowly, and so, with hope reviving in their hearts, he and the captain had set to work to put together a raft upon which they might at least float, even after the brig had gone down.

Completing their work, they waited anxiously for the critical moment, not without many an anxious fear that their little raft might be engulphed in the vortex that would accompany the final plunge of the ill-fated brig.

But they waited in vain—the vessel after a certain point, sank no deeper.

She was water-logged, and for weeks might yet drift over the calm ocean!

Thankfully, even though they were without food in spite of the ample stores submerged beneath their feet, Edgar and the captain recognized this fact.

For more than two weeks they succeeded in supporting life—once the captain dived down through the hatchway, and came up again nearly insensible, but with a small bag of saturated biscuit in his hand.

Drying these, they ate them, salt as they were.

Once, also, two wing-weary birds settled at night upon the mast, and these with a cask of water that was lashed upon deck, preserved their lives until they were rescued by a steamer bound for New York.

Then Edgar had sought Uncle Saul, and together they had wept for me, whom they *believed to be dead long before.*

We are all in Australia—Melbourne now—Edgar and I, and Uncle Saul, and three happier persons it would be hard to find.

My punishment though so bitter, was of short duration, and the uninterrupted prosperity that has succeeded my "days of sorrow," assure me that Heaven has accepted my repentance, and forgiven my sin.

VACCINATION.

Great anxiety is occasioned by the prevalence of small-pox in England, and in many of the larger cities and towns in this country. But what must have been the terror and dismay of other times, when imperfect medical knowledge, the absence of precautionary measures, and the non-existence of municipal sanitary regulations, left the dreadful disease in full and mortal sway. The ravages of the disease in the thirteenth century, at which time the Crusaders met it in the East, were fearful. It was a worse enemy than the Saracen, and is to be counted among the many things, evil and good, which date in Europe and this country, from the effort of the Christians to recover the Holy Land from its Mohammedan possessors. Beginning its ravages in Spain and France, the small-pox first appeared as an epidemic in Germany, in 1495. Military expeditions and invasions were the most notable means of the transmission of the fearful scourge. From Germany and France the disease spread all over Europe, and came thence to this continent.

The Arabian authorities mention the small-pox as brought from Ethiopia to Arabia about the close of the sixth century; and the common and troublesome, though not usually fatal disease of the measles, dates at the same time, and from this same country. This latter disease is regarded as a matter of course; and everybody expects it to occur in families as a part of juvenile experience. The treatment of measles has been very much modified, and under modern treatment the disease is much less disagreeable, as those can testify who themselves went through the ordeal fifty years ago, and see now how much better the youth of the day fare under treatment. If there is anything to object to in the present mode, it is that the disease is not now sufficiently dreaded; and that the ulterior consequences which follow negligent treatment are sometimes much worse than the actual disease.

The Moslems having had long experience in small-pox, practiced *inoculation* long before that mode of lessening the danger of the disease was known in Europe. It was especially practiced in harems, to preserve the beauty of the young inmates, who, poor creatures, were probably allowed little choice in the matter. The celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who accompanied her husband to Constantinople, caused her son, aged six years, to be inoculated for the small-pox, in 1717, and on her return to England, in 1722, caused her daughter also to take the disease in the same mode.

Notwithstanding the example set by Lady Mary, and the full success of the experiment in the case of her children, the opposition to the novelty in England was intense. The next experiments tried were made on six condemned prisoners in Newgate, who all recovered. But in these experiments, it is curious to note how imperfect was the knowledge of the practitioners. It was supposed that inoculated persons could not communicate the disease. Six persons took small-pox "in the natural way," from fondling a child who had the disease by inoculation. The medical faculty and the clergy resisted the innovation. The doctors protested against it, and the clergy preached. A sermon against the "dangerous and sinful practice," the "diabolical operation," was preached at Saint Andrew's, Holborn, July 8th, 1722, from Job i, 7: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown."

A new generation, however, accepted inoculation, and for many years it was recognized and practiced; and it certainly did very much to abate the terrors of the small-pox, and to limit the fatal extent of the disease. On May 14th, 1796, the first vaccination was made, and like many other things of vast utility it was discovered unexpectedly. Dr. Edward Jenner, who was settled at Berkeley, in the famous English cheese county, Gloucester, in inoculating his patients for the small-pox, found many persons who did not take the disease. Investigating the cause led to the discovery of vaccination—that is to say, taking a modified form of disease from the cow. The persons upon whom the operation of inoculation did not take were those who had accidentally taken "cow-pox." There was a local tradition in Gloucestershire, scouted of course by the learned, that those who had the cow-pox would never take the small-pox. Vaccination is an adoption by the medical faculty of one of the "superstitions" of that much abused party, "the old women." So is the use of "iodine;" it being the verification of the utility of the "old woman's" salve—lard and the ashes of a new sponge." The world might as well gracefully confess that women in sick-rooms are worth something; and among modern improvements it is pleasant to find that the gentle sex are better estimated by the profession.

It is remarkable, as is evident from the health reports, that a prejudice against vaccination still exists. But what is alleged against it now is nothing to the resistance which the innovation first encountered. Among other objections it was alleged that a child who had passed through the cow-pox, when it began to walk could only do so by swinging its head like a cow! Volumes were written on the subject pro and con. One of his learned opponents asked Dr. Jenner "What may be the consequences, after a long lapse of years of introducing a *bestial humor* into the human frame?" To this the question was returned: "What may be the consequences of introducing cows' milk, beefsteaks and mutton chops?" It is to be remembered that even recovery from the actual small-pox does not *invariably* secure the patient from the recurrence of a type of the disease. So neither does vaccination ensure perfect immunity. The prudent course is to repeat the operation after a lapse of years; certainly once after reaching adultage, though the operation may have been successfully performed in infancy.

MOTHER'S HAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. GEORGE M. VICKERS.

I'm gazing on a token now—
A treasure pure and fair—
Which memory loves and values much,
This lock of mother's hair.

The tears steal slowly down my face,
There's none my grief to share—
Alone and sad, ah! how I prize
This lock of mother's hair.

When fortune frowns upon my path,
And I'm bowed down with care;
Solace I find in looking on
This little lock of hair.

Ah! loved memento, silken tress,
Precious beyond compare!
Blest was the day they gave to me
A ringlet of her hair.

Earth may take from me all I have,
But naught shall ever tear
From my bereaved and lonely heart,
This lock of mother's hair.

Phantom Armies.

On the 29th of January, 1719, a Scottish gentleman, named Alexander Jaffray, Laird of Kingswells, was riding across a piece of wide and waste moorland to the westward of Aberdeen, when, about eight o'clock in the morning, he beheld—to his great alarm and bewilderment, as he states in a letter to his friend, Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk (printed by the Spalding Club)—a body of about seven thousand soldiers drawn up in front of him, all under arms, with colors unfurled and waving, and the drums slung on the drummers' backs. A clear morning sun was shining, so he saw them distinctly, and also a commander who rode along the line, mounted on a white charger.

Dubious whether to advance or retire, and sorely perplexed as to what mysterious army this was, the worthy Laird of Kingswells and a companion, an old Scottish soldier, who had served in Low Country wars, reined in their horses, and continued to gaze on this unexpected army for nearly two hours; till suddenly the troops broke into marching order, and departed towards Aberdeen, near which, he adds, "the hill called the Stockett took them out of sight."

Nothing more was heard or seen of this phantom force until the 21st of the ensuing October, when upon the same ground—the then open and desolate White-myres—on a fine clear afternoon, when some hundred persons were returning home from the yearly fair at Old Aberdeen, about two thousand infantry, clad in blue uniforms faced with white, and with all their arms shining in the evening sun, were distinctly visible; and after a space, the same commander on the same white charger rode slowly along the shadowy line. Then a long "wreath of smoke appeared, as if they had fired, but no noise" followed.

To add to the marvel of this scene, the spectators, who, we have said, were numerous, saw many of their friends, who were coming from the fair, pass *through* this line of impalpable shadows, of which they could see nothing until they came to a certain point upon the moor and looked back to the sloping ground. Then, precisely as before, those phantoms in foreign uniform broke into marching order, and moved towards the Bridge of the Dee. They remained visible, however, for three hours, and only seemed to fade out or melt gradually away as the sun set behind the mountains. "This will puzzle thy philosophy," adds the laird at the close of his letter to the baronet of Monymusk; "but thou needst not doubt of the certainty of either."

Scottish tradition, and even Scottish history, especially after the Reformation, record many such instances of optical phenomena, which were a source of great terror and amazement to the simple folks of those days; and England was not without her full share of them either; but science finds a ready solution for all such delusions now. They are chiefly peculiar to mountainous districts, and may appear in many shapes and in many numbers, or singly, like the giant of the Brocken, the spectator's own shadow cast on the opposite clouds, and girt with rings of concentric light—or like the wondrous fog-bow, so recently seen from the Matterhorn.

Almost on the same ground where the Laird of Kingswells saw the second army of phantoms, and doubtless resulting from the same natural and atmospheric causes, a similar appearance had been visible on the 12th of February, 1643, when a great body of horse and foot appeared as if under arms on the Brigmuse Hill. Accoutred with match-lock, pike, and morion, they looked ghost-like and misty as they skimmed through the gray vapor about eight o'clock in the morning; but on the sun breaking forth from a bank of cloud, they vanished, and the green hill-slopes were left bare, or occupied by sheep alone. Much about the same time, another army was seen to hover in the air over the Moor of Forfar. "Quhilkis visions," adds the Commissary Spalding, "the people thocht to be prodigious tokens, and it fell out owre trew, as may be seen hereafter."

Many such omens are gravely recorded as preceding and accompanying the long struggle of the Covenant, and the fatal war in which the three kingdoms were plunged by Charles I. and his evil advisers.

Indigestion, heavy dinners, and heavier drinking, had doubtless much to do in creating some of the spectral delusions of those days; and inborn superstition, together with a heated fancy, were often not wanting as additional accessories. But, in the gloomy and stormy autumn that preceded the march of the Scottish Covenanters into England, omens of all kinds teemed to a wonderful extent in the land. When Alaster Macdonnel, son of Coll the Devastator, as the Whigs named him, landed from Ireland, at the Rhin of Ardnamurchan, in Morven, to join the Scottish cavaliers under the Marquis of Montrose, then in arms for the king, it was alleged that the *hum* of cannon-shot was heard in the air, passing all over Scotland from the Atlantic to the German Sea; that many strange lights appeared in the firmament; and that, on a gloomy night in the winter of 1650, a spectre drummer, beating in succession the Scottish and English marches, summoned to a ghostly conference, at the castle-gate of Edinburgh, Colonel Dundas of that Ilk, a corrupt officer, who, on being bribed by gold, afterwards surrendered to Cromwell the fortress, together with some sixty pieces of cannon.

All the private diaries and quaint chronicles, of late years published by the various literary clubs in England and Scotland, teem with such marvels, but the latter country was more particularly afflicted by them; omens, warnings, and predictions of coming peril rendering it, by their number and character, extremely doubtful whether Heaven or the *other place* was most interested in Scottish affairs.

In 1638, fairy drums were heard beating on the hills of Dun Echt, in Aberdeenshire, according to the narrative of the parson of Rothiemay; in 1643, we hear of the noise of drums "and apparitions of armyes" at Bankafair in the same county. "The wraith of General Leslie in his buff-coat and on horseback, carrying his own banner with its bend *azure* and three buckles *or*, appeared on the summit of a tower at St. Johnstown. Science now explains such visions as the aerial Morgana, produced by the reflection of real objects on a peculiar atmospheric arrangement; but then they were a source of unlimited terror," Low, in his *Memorials*, records that, in 1676, a wondrous star blazed at noon on the hill of Gargunnock, and a great army of spectres were seen to glide along the hills near Aberdeen.

A folio of *Apparitions and Wonders*, preserved in the British Museum, records that, at Durham, on the 27th of September, 1703, when the evening sky was serene and full of stars, a strange and prodigious light spread over its north-western quarter, as if the sun itself was shining; then came streamers which turned to armed men ranked on horseback. J. Edmondson, the writer of the broadsheet, adds: "It was thought they would see the apparition better in Scotland, because it appeared a great way north; the same," he continues gravely, "was seen in the latter end of March, 1704," and the battle of Hochstadt followed it. This must refer to the second battle fought there, which we call Blenheim, when Marshal Tallard was defeated and taken prisoner by Marlborough. But this wonderful light which turned to armed men at Durham was outdone by a marvel at Churchill, Oxfordshire, where (in the same collection) we find that, on the 9th January, 1705, *four suns* were all visible in the air at once, "sent for signs unto mankind," adds the publisher, Mr. Tookey of St. Christopher's Court, "and having their significations of the Lord, like the handwriting unto his servant Daniel."

In 1744, a man named D. Stricket, when servant to Mr. Lancaster of Blakehills, saw one evening, about seven o'clock, a troop of horse riding leisurely along Souter Fell in Cumberland. They were in close ranks, and ere long quickened their pace. As this man had been sharply ridiculed as the solitary beholder of a spectre horseman in the same place in the preceding year, he watched these strange troopers for some time ere he summoned his master from the house to look too. But ere Stricket spoke of what was to be seen, "Mr. Lancaster discovered the aerial troopers," whose appearance was as plainly visible to him as to his servant. "These visionary horsemen *seemed* to come from the lowest part of Souter Fell, and became visible at a place named Knott; they moved in successive troops (or squadrons) along the side of the Fell till they came opposite to Blakehills, where they went over the mountain. They thus described a kind of curvilinear path, their first and last appearances being bounded by the mountain." They were two hours in sight; and "this phenomenon was seen by *every person* (twenty-six in number) in every cottage within the distance of a mile," according to the statement attested before a magistrate by Lancaster and Stricket, on the 21st of July, 1745.

During the middle of the last century, a toll-keeper in Perthshire affirmed on oath, before certain justices of the peace, that an entire regiment passed through his toll-gate at midnight; but as no such force had left any town in the neighborhood, or arrived at any other, or, in fact, were ever seen anywhere but at his particular turnpike, the whole story was naturally treated as a delusion; though the Highlanders sought in some way to connect the vision with the unquiet spirits of those who fought at Culloden, for there, the peasantry aver that "in the soft twilight of the summer evening, solitary wayfarers, when passing near the burial mounds, have suddenly found themselves amid the smoke and hurly-burly of a battle, and could recognize the various clans engaged by their tartans and badges. On those occasions, a certain laird of Culduthil was always seen amid the fray on a white horse, and the people believe that once again a great battle will be fought there by the clans; but with whom, or about what, no seer has ventured to predict."

Shadowy figures of armed men were seen in the Stockton Forest, Yorkshire, prior to the war with France, as the Leeds Mercury and local private record; and so lately as 1812, much curiosity and no small ridicule were excited by the alleged appearance of a phantom army in the vicinity of hard-working prosaic Leeds, and all the newspapers and magazines of the time show how much the story amused the skeptical, and occupied the attention of the scientific.

It would appear that between seven and eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday, the 29th October, Mr. Anthony Jackson, a farmer, in his forty-fifth year, and a lad of fifteen, named Turner, were overlooking their cattle, which were at grass in Havarah Park, near Ripley, the seat of Sir John Ingilley, when the lad suddenly exclaimed: "Look, Anthony; what a number of beasts." "Beasts? Lord bless us," replied the farmer with fear and wonder, "they are *men!*" And, as he spoke, there immediately became visible "an army of soldiers dressed in white uniforms, and in the centre a personage of commanding aspect clad in scarlet." These phantoms (according to the Leeds Mercury and Edinburgh Annual Register) were four deep, extended over thirty acres, and performed many evolutions. Other bodies in dark uniforms now appeared, and smoke, as if from artillery, rolled over the grass of the park. On this, Jackson and Turner, thinking they had seen quite enough, turned and fled.

Take the spells of the Weird Morgana.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;
OR,
LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.
By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($3.50), for $4.00.

(Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.)

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements, of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
apl3-tf 87 Maiden Lane, New York.

Be Guided by what you Know.

There is an old proverb which says, "Experience is the safest guide." To this guide the sick and ailing naturally turn when casting about for the means of relief. They inquire what a medicine has done for others, before they adopt it themselves. Of all the remedies and preventives in use, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS meets the test most triumphantly, and hence its immense popularity and vast sales. The sufferer from indigestion is sure to find some one among his friends who has been cured of this ailment by the famous vegetable stomachic. The victim of fever and ague, liver complaint, constipation, nervous prostration, or general debility, has only to make inquiry in the neighborhood where he resides in order to discover what this standard restorative has effected in cases similar to his own. In the published testimony to its merits he will find a volume of proofs of its sanitary properties, which it is impossible for his common sense to resist. He tries it, and the effect it produces on his system adds another to the host of witnesses in its favor. Thus, its reputation, founded on facts, not assertions, continually grows and spreads. Charlatans and impostors, some of them mere local ricksters, and others who take a somewhat wider range, attempt to thrust into the hands and down the throats of invalids, their haphazard concoctions, as substitutes for the tonic which for so many years has been a medicinal staple throughout the United States, Spanish America, Canada, and the West Indies, but only succeed to a very limited extent. In this reasoning age, the people, having ascertained what is really deserving of their confidence, decline "running after strange gods." no4-1m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his "Family Physician" 96 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH SON, 14 Broadway, New York. may.3-1y

Sweet Sixteen.—If you wish to look young, as well as beautiful, use HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM upon your face, neck and hands, and LYON'S CELEBRATED KATHAIRON upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion natural, transparent and lively. It removes Freckles, Pimples, Moth-patches, &c., and instead of a red rustic face, you have the marble purity of a city belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of youth. Add to this a luxuriant head of hair, produced by Lyon's Kathairon, and a lady has done her appiest thing in the way of adornment. It is the best Dressing in the world, and prevents the hair from falling out and turning gray. Sold by all Druggists. se16-9t

Mothers and Nurses.—Burnett's Kalliston is admirable for the sensitive skin of infants.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny B. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50.

One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00), for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ A Hartford man keeps a box in which he regularly deposits his car-fare when he walks to and from his place of business, as he now almost always does. The other day at the close of a year, he opened it, and found he had $109.20. This he put in the savings bank.

☞ If a small boy is called a "lad," is it proper to call a bigger boy a "ladder?"

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1871.

NEW STORY.

We design commencing in the next number of THE POST, the following novelet:

SKALE THE SCOUT;

OR,

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

By BURR THORNBURY,

Author of "The Tory Brothers." "Agnes Ayre." &c.

This is, we think, one of the finest novelets that Mr. Thornbury has written.

LARGE CLUBS.

We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for THE POST, will try to at least *double* their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of *fifty* subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to *one hundred*, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of THE POST, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show THE POST to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "*East Lynne*,' "Dene Hollow," &c., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novelets and stories which are to appear next year in THE LADY'S FRIEND, will, we think, give that magazine a proud position among the periodicals intended expressly for the ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and THE POST ($2.50) are sent together for $4.00 a year. In making up clubs for THE POST, the Lady's Friend can be included at the same rates. The matter in the magazine and the paper is always different.

Love and Marriage.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GIPSY WILDE.

"Is there a point where the ideal of love conceived by a woman differs from that of man? Yes! A man marries a bride rather than a wife; a woman marries a husband rather than a lover. She settles down into a sort of quiet contentment; he—when the freshness and novelty of the bride has changed to the sober, practical wife, grows indifferent, and seeks other attractions elsewhere."

The above we clip from a magazine, and such paragraphs always did provoke me; I dislike those who make such sweeping declarations; who think an assertion must be true because they assert it, and their scope of observation has proved nothing to the contrary. They forget—or do not know—that what may be true of some is not true of all. Some people are so narrow-minded and cramped souled, that they cannot see that the far stretching plain of the human, is peopled by as many different dispositions as there are leaves on the trees, as many different characters, as there are shades on the mosses. There are one set of weak, susceptible fools, who are eternally harping on "woman's inconstancy" without making an exception; and there are another set of pretended cynics and sham invulnerables who are constantly talking of women as "plastic, parasite creatures, and as loving man with a far greater devotion than he is capable of:" this assertion too, is indiscriminately applied to all.

I deny that a true woman will love a man in spite of his indifference and unworthiness. That woman must be very weak, very silly, very superficial, who can love forever—that most contemptible of all things—a vacillating, unreliable man. Again, there are women who can and do assume an intensity of affection to such perfection, that no man can detect the unreal from the real. She is not always the infatuated being she leads him to believe, neither is she so blind to his faults, so forgetful that he is of the earth, earthy, as his vanity prompts him to think. And there are women too, earnest, honest and truthful, who are constant, where constancy is deserved; who are loyal, because it is just and honorable; who comprehend love in its fullness, beauty, sweetness and earnestness; and there are weak, vain, susceptible men as well as honorable, truthful, reliable and pure hearted men. How can there be a fixed law for the human heart. How can there be prescribed rules for judging the actions of all. How can there be a standard by which one is justified in making an assertion that applies to all, when no two are alike.

I don't believe that all men marry for a bride alone, or if they do, that she ever ceases to be a bride; nor do I believe that all women marry for a husband alone. There is surely such a thing as constancy in both sexes; there are surely royal hearts and loyal souls in both men and women. The trouble is, there are too few perfect unions; unless there be a union of heart, soul and body, there cannot be truth, loyalty and happiness.

There should be equality in marriage; men too often marry their inferiors; women too often marry inferiors; as long as the eyes are blinded, and the novelty lasts, it is well; but in a short time all is given that can be—all happiness is known that can be known; because in the inferior the charms are limited; the faculties that please acquire a certain degree, and are exhausted. He or she that has not mental perfection with physical, has no resource when the senses are pleased. There are secret, subtle, high and noble aspirations in every true man and woman that reach out after the poetical, the ideal and the beauty of the soul; if in married life one lacks in this, to the other life and love becomes an aimless and insipid thing. One must have sympathy. An active mind must have food.

It is folly for a genius to marry a numskull; it is unwise for a delicate, sensitive being to wed a coarse boor; it is absurd for a warm, affectionate nature to unite with a cold indifferent one; unhappiness is always the result.

The law of life is progress; the human must have exchange; the life of a wedded couple should ever vary, ever acquiring that they be ever new, and a never-failing source of pleasure. Too often after marriage, ambition ceases, effort ceases, they forget, or neglect the many little winning arts and pleasantries that were wont to please; this is why marriage is so often a failure.

There are men with true manhood, delicacy and unselfishness of soul, and with knowledge enough of human nature to marry a kindred soul, and there are women with enough of mind, sense and perception, to wed their equal. Such men have a bride all their lives. Such women have a lover all their lives, and the ideal dies not, but as the years grow, merges into a more beautiful real.

AT A WINDOW.

An oriel window looks
Over elms alive with rooks,
While afar,
Past glades where browse the deer,
There shines a silver mere,
Like a star.

And, while the sunlight flits,
In that wide window sits
One I know.
I see an easel stand,
But idle is that hand,
White as snow.

A dream is in those eyes
That gaze on windy skies,
Cobalt blue;
A sad delicious dream,
With love its only theme,
Lost, though true.

Fain would the maiden trace
An unforgotten face;
Ah, no, no!
Naught can its life recall,
Let the vain pencil fall;
Love means woe.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—In sitting down to this my weekly chat with you, I am a little at a loss to decide upon a subject calculated to interest us both. Of course we understand that Fashion must be our theme, but there are so many fashions! However, as it is the little things of life that make up the sum of human happiness, perhaps it will be as well for our sweet commune to take the form of

TRIFLES.

Though now I do bethink me that we are enjoined to consider nought a trifle, though it slight appear. "Small sands the mountain, moments make the year, and trifles life;" and the little accompaniments to the feminine wardrobe are more effective than all the rest besides. Among these COLLARS play an important part. For full dress the large lace collar is again in vogue, and is seen in *pointe, point Aiguille, point gaze* and *point Alencon*—nothing if not pointed, you will observe. The shape of these collars and the size also is somewhat modified from the style of last year, but they are still worn large, when worn at all, their use being confined to those whose peach-bloom period has gone by, and who dare not risk the effect of a *decolette* toilet. For young ladies the low surplice waist, with finish of costly lace at the neck, obviates the necessity of any collar. For the street, plain linen collars, round at the back and pointed at the throat, are better liked than the little standing collar with turn-over points. This shape also comes in fine Swiss embroidery of the prettiest and most intricate patterns, and has been received with much favor, it being conceded that lace upon linen is not the correct thing, and a plain collar not sufficiently dressy for all occasions. These goods usually come in sets (collar and cuffs) and range in price from three dollars to ten.

And speaking of

CUFFS,

I am inclined to think that close sleeves will again be fashionable, for without them the great stock of these little articles which our importers have placed upon their counters must remain without a purchaser, and that with all their beauty can scarcely be their destiny. The probability is that for street wear a coat sleeve under a flowing one will be the idea; this will necessitate the wearing of cuffs, and will be a sensible and comfortable fashion—though for that matter there is little to quarrel with. Ladies never dressed more becomingly and were never more admired than at present. To be sure there are little vagaries that might be done away with to advantage, but then Fashion always insists upon something of that sort to mar her otherwise perfect work, and we see quite as few now as ever.

TRAINS,

as a general thing, are not worn in the street. Sometimes we see an enthusiast with a few yards of elegant silk, flounced, ruffled and

"Sorrowfully trailed in the dust,"

but it always attracts notice, and calls forth comments, complimentary or otherwise, which proves conclusively that the style is not general, for then no attention would be paid to it. The most lady-like suits are made just to clear the pavement this month, while for full dress the long, tiresome train that was always winding itself up about the feet of the wearer, or performing some other feat quite as disagreeable, and which never took leave of an assembly until the lady had been gone half an hour, is fast giving way to the neater demi-train. For almost any occasion this style is graceful and pretty. Except in the street, any lady looks more genteel in a trained dress, and it is cheerful intelligence that a standard length has been agreed upon. All house dresses should now be worn with a train from a quarter to a half yard in length—not longer. This rule applies to morning wrappers, afternoon dresses, and costumes intended for dinner, receptions, or any other great occasion; and it is currently reported that even the pretty creatures who expect to bask for a brief season in the sunshine of Russian royalty have had their toilets prepared with quite abbreviated trains. Whether this is for their own comfort and convenience, or through a wholesome dread that his Imperial Highness may be little blessed with the soft grace belonging to fashionable society, and have adopted this plan to preserve him as much as possible from needless entanglements, is not known.

For brides the long train is still considered a necessity. I saw one on exhibition yesterday. Even the bride was present, done in WAX. It is better to be "done" in that style, however, than the way some of them are. She was a sweet creature—brown-eyed, with raven hair, rose-tinted cheeks and carnation lips. Her hair was *real*, (i. e.) as real as any hair is now-a-days—meaning, that it was *false;* and it was frizzed elaborately over her low Grecian forehead, and French twisted and braided and curled at the back. The dress proper was of white corded silk—*poult de soie*, I judge, and of that yellow shade that lights up so prettily of an evening. It was long—immensely long; if the glass case she stood in had been an inch smaller it could not have contained it. The overskirt was illusion beautifully finished with satin folds and looped with an end of orange blossoms, while the veil depending from a wreath of the same enveloped her slight form in the most approved fashion. The bodice was surplice and made with many folds and a general filling in of rich lace. Upon her neck and arms were pearls, and in her hand she held the daintiest of *pointe* handkerchiefs. It was a complete outfit, nothing lacking but the man, and he, alas! the most important item in the category.

HOSIERY

of every description is now an important feature in all retail houses. For many years the unbleached cotton and the Balbriggan have been considered most lady-like for ordinary wear, but this season sees an influx of woollen stockings in the most astonishing combinations of bright colors. Of course everybody hesitates. It is too great an innovation, and nobody likes to be the first to adopt a style so new and *outre*. It was at first whispered that they were only intended for skating—but as the supply increased and every store began to assume the appearance of a rainbow struck with lightning, the great secret was revealed. The stockings were for everyday use, and it was a matter of taste entirely what colors should be chosen. Now the idea of protecting the feet from the inclemency of the weather is a good one; and consequently nobody ought to find any fault with the kind genius who has originated the fashion of woollen hose. But to whom belongs the honor of showering upon us these brilliant hues? Red and gray, black and gray, striped like the Zebra, plaids, and every beautiful and attractive self-color ever invented greet our eyes. And who shall wear them? That somebody will, and that everybody will follow suit is certain, but was there ever before offered such a field for the exercise of taste? Stockings should match the costume, the dealers assure us. Perhaps they should, but unless it so happens that one is caught in a sudden shower how is anybody to know whether they do or not? It is a matter that ladies won't be particular about. They will be sure to have on their red stockings with their blue dress, and their plaid ones with their green, and then when comes the sudden revelation who will be blamed for exclaiming with the poet:

"See, see her in her motley hues;
Funereal black and brimstone blues,
And lurid green, and bonfire red
At once their varied radiance shed."

PANIERS

are fearfully fashionable; ladies never made more bustle in the world than now. Still there is not the noise and confusion that such a state of things usually creates; and this is, doubtless, accounted for in the fact that the panier of the period is made up of steel springs, beautifully flexible, and manipulated by the assistance of tapes and cords, by means of which it can be flattened at pleasure or thrown out almost any distance. It is certainly a great improvement on the old time bustle made of feathers, and cotton, and coffee sacks, and everything else that could be brought to answer—and that is probably the reason that the health officers, those usually officious individuals, have kept so quiet under its rule. They can't talk about "heating the spine" with this arrangement, or the great weight dragging upon the hips, and as they know nothing else to say about bustles, they wisely hold their peace.

MAGIC GARTERS

are a novelty in the market. I know "elastic" is the more delicate term for these little indispensibles, but how call a thing elastic when it *isn't* elastic at all. The magic garter is silk of finest texture, and of any color fancy may desire, and its name arises from what might be termed its actual nature, it being possible to convert it at a moment's notice into a neat and effective neck-tie. There is nothing like utility, you know. A lady dining with a friend might drop her soup and ruin her scarf. Her equanimity is undisturbed. She can repair damages with a garter. Another garter of coiled golden wire, with pretty clasp, is shown—in the stores, of course—and is neat, expensive and much admired.

And now that I think of it, they do say that

ANKLETS

are on exhibition at jewelry establishments, and that there is a decided effort being made to establish in polite society a fashion hitherto sacred to the Orientals. To be sure, it seems absurd at first thought, and so might, perhaps, the barbaric custom of hanging rich jewels in the ears, or the ornamenting of the arms with broad bands of gold. Anklets may yet come to be an institution among us. We shall see what we shall see, and until then I am,

Very truly,
OLIVE KING.

HOME AGAIN.

Aunt Alice has been to Europe, and this is what she says of the readers of THE POST:

"Europe! I have been there! have in fact just returned, yet it already appears as a dream, and a pleasant one. What did I see there? Ah! that has been told by abler pens than mine; for were not ten out of every twelve on the out-going ship, Americans going sight seeing? And can they not tell their experience better than I can hope to do? Of course I 'did' London, Edinburgh, the Highlands, took the famous ride through the Trossachs, sailed up and down the Liffy, rode in an Irish jaunting car through the streets of Dublin; came near being in the midst of the famous rows therein on the sixth of August, had the supreme felicity of seeing a fine member of the Royal family as she rode through that city on the 7th, noticed the stiff nods of the Princess Louise, the affable manner of the good Marquis of Lorne; admired the splendidly mounted guard that escorted them to their yacht; bought Irish point lace at Forrest & Sons, Grafton street; saw Paddy in his own home, careless and brave as ever, and as ready for a fight. From Dublin to Liverpool by steamer, a fine passenger boat with many ladies in the sumptuous cabin, and for a rarity the stewardess was attentive and pleasant; for I found this very rare indeed on vessels where poor sea sick travellers are entirely in the power of said stewardesses.

"Liverpool is not unlike New York with its hurry and bustle. Busses, hansoms and hacks crowd the streets, but the docks there are far ahead of New York, miles and miles of these are to be seen and admired. The work horses are the largest, and are said to be the strongest in the world, and one can well believe it when they look at the enormous beasts and see what loads they draw.

"Going on board on a homeward bound ship, we were pleased to meet with ten or twelve passengers who had come over with us some three months before. Comparing notes with these, we found that we had gone much farther north into Scotland than they had, for we had visited 'John O'Groats,' and spent weeks in Caithness, the very northermost county of Scotland. Strange how little is known of this county, to our family the most important in all Scotland. And why? you might inquire. Well, because we claim to be descendants of the Earls of Caithness, the St. Clairs mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"'There erst St. Clair held princely sway,
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.'

"It is a bleak place, yet not without beauty. Not a tree to be seen on that rugged coast, where the German ocean roars and dashes against many a ruined castle,

"'Where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades.'

"There is a grandeur there in scenery not to be met with elsewhere. The Ord, a mountain dividing Caithness from Satterdlandshire, is also mentioned by Walter Scott. It is a fearful looking place; enough to chill the blood of passengers in the stages, who have to ride down that terrible road, on their way to Helmsdale to reach the railway cars. It is hard to imagine a more dangerous looking road. But I was at Liverpool, on my way home, and here I am back again, where my heart often travels to the north of dear old Scotland.

"We left Liverpool on the 10th, and reached New York the 20th, all safe and sound. Some day I may tell you of the great delights of a sea voyage.

"AUNT ALICE."

☞ "Gentlemen and ladies," said a showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lions' den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lions by the green umbrella under the left arm."

From Philadelphia to Watkins Glen,

IN OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JOHN FORD.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

With the spirit of this sympathetic stanza playing at hide and seek amid the nooks of our imagination, my friend and I found ourselves in the Reading depot on a sunny morning in early October, 1871, prepared for a trip to that marvellous work of the elements—Watkins Glen.

Seating ourselves comfortably in a car of the 8½ express train, we waited with some impatience the signal for starting. Presently, however, the shrill screams of the whistle sounded "Up Brakes!" and soon the rapid breathings of the "iron horse" were reverberating among the hills fringing the valley of the Schuylkill; while close at his heels a hundred hearts were beating as happily doubtless, as our own.

Scarcely had we passed the bounds of the city when a panorama, wondrously fair, began to unfold itself, and with every curve and onward movement of the train new lines of beauty were revealed, gladdening the eye and swelling the heart to fullness with a sense of present joy.

Trees, beautiful trees, glowing with innumerable tints and hues of color—robes which only the Master hand can weave—greeted us at every turn, alone, in pairs, and in groups of thousands; here lifting their lithe and sinewy forms to kiss the golden sunbeams; there banding with many a graceful curve to dally with the breeze.

Had we the time, or did our descriptive powers equal our enthusiasm, we might fill a book with the story of these autumn beauties that would be profitable reading, perhaps, even in spring-time. For the present, however, we must leave them, and drop into a groove less poetical.

After passing a number of towns, many of them of considerable importance, we arrived at Tamaqua, one of the headquarters of the coal-producing districts, which fact is evidenced by the huge heaps of "diamond dust" lying around loose, as well also by the bleached appearance of the inhabitants, most of whom, delving in the bowels of the earth a great part of each day, seldom receive their proper share of tanning. Twenty minutes were allowed here for luncheon, but having had some experience in these matters on various occasions, we allowed the opportunity to pass unimproved.

From Tamaqua an hour's ride brought us to Mahonoy Junction, where our car was switched on to the Catawissa road, which, for safety, skillful engineering and grandeur of scenery is equal perhaps to any other in the world.

No serious accident has ever occurred on this road, although at times it winds at a fearful altitude around the shoulders of the mountains, and crosses meadow and stream alike on tressel-work hundreds of feet in height. The views from these rugged shoulders and lofty bridges must be at all seasons singularly grand, but their crowning glory can only be realized in October. Dear, dreamy October! That balmy month wherein Autumn turns with half-reluctant steps from the endearments of Summer to herald the coming of the Winter-king. That twilight time of the year, when Nature, dressed in her fairest robes, lingers lamp in hand, like some darling child, to kiss us a loving "good-night!" As the train whirled on its devious way amid the increasing tints of the foliage and the flashing of sylvan streams, a voice as of thanksgiving seemed to spring from every heart for the gift of so beautiful a world. And well it might be so, for surely the loveliness of Eden would have paled in the presence of the charming, yet ever-changing groves stretching away on either side of our iron path. Ever charming and ever changing; now studding with gem-like brilliancy the bosoms of retiring vales, now waving their gorgeous plumes by the margins of glassy lakes, anon lifting in kingly grandeur their thousand-hued forms, tier upon tier, far up the mountain sides, higher and still higher, till each tint of green and purple and gold is dissolved like a dream in the boundless azure of heaven.

The energetic manner in which this road is conducted has given life and prosperity to many of the towns through which it passes. Among the most thriving of these are Bloomsburgh, Cattawissa, and Danville; the latter being noted for its immense iron works, which are said to rival in size and utility any others in the state.

We reached Williamsport soon after sunset, and found a carriage waiting to convey us to the homestead of our good and genial friend, E. W. Capron, Esq., who cared for our wants, both mental and physical, with a vim only surpassed by the kindness of his big heart. The city, which is finely built, and said to contain a population of nineteen thousand, lies on the West branch of the Susquehanna, and receives its importance from the great amount of lumber brought annually from the head waters of the river. This lumber is secured against loss by freshets, to which the river is subject, by what is called "the boom," a gigantic structure composed of piers separated at short intervals from each other. These piers cross the stream in oblique lines, alternating from side to side, much like a worm fence, for a distance of several miles. There is also, if our observations were correct, a peculiar system of gates or breasts through which detached masses may be passed at the discretion of the owner.

The building of this boom was indeed a wonderful undertaking, even in the Nineteenth Century; and one cannot look upon the myriads of logs lodged in its labyrinths, without ascribing to the projector and architect, Peter Herdic, Esq., an amount of talent and energy rarely equalled.

After about thirty-six hours spent in this charming city, much of which time the writer passed examining geological formations, collecting specimens, etc., we took the 7½ A. M. train on the Northern Central, for Elmira; reaching that city safe and well in time for an early dinner.

We were detained here for several hours, consequent upon missing the connecting train, but having resolved at the beginning to make the best of such "incidentals," we accepted the situation with a degree of contentment astonishing even to ourselves.

Among the many places of interest abounding here, is the "Elmira College for Women;" a magnificent building, in which is taught most of those branches of knowledge heretofore monopolized by men.

As we had heard much of its fine Museum, and desired, also, to learn more than we already knew of the working of so unique an institution, we left our "compagnon du voyage" comfortably cared for, and proceeded to "interview" it *alone*. And just here, by way of parenthesis, it might be well to intimate that the convenient little conventional "we," will be retained in whatever descriptions one in so hapless a condition may be capable of giving. Procuring from a friend a letter of introduction to Professor Ford, the Principal, we turned our steps at once toward the maple-bordered avenue leading to the College. A walk of nearly a mile beneath the crimsoned arms of these queens of the autumnal woods, brought us to the gateway, which we entered with a heart as brave as our step was firm. Alas! we guessed not then how frail were the props of our assurance. Nevertheless, the truth flashed upon us a moment later as we encountered a cross-fire from a score of eyes—all bright and glowing, and beautiful; part in a boat on the lake at our right, and part by the croquet grounds at our left. What wonder that we reached the college door with a heart less brave and a step less firm? Once there, however, we gathered sufficient courage to pull the bell *hard*, VERY! as the little sign above it warned us to do, and soon we were ushered into a large and nicely furnished room to await the delivery of our "introduction." The answer to this came very quickly, in the person of the professor himself, who welcomed us with a cordiality rarely observed among strangers. Indeed, our reception could not have been more agreeable had he been an old friend; and, waiving this distinction, we would still deem it an honor to know him as a new one.

Our time being limited, we were unable to obtain full particulars in regard to the working of the college. Enough, however, was elicited to show that the mental and moral training vouchsafed to the students was of a character that must necessarily elevate and better their own condition, and, through them, that of the world as well. Of course, like most kindred institutions which make the intellectual advancement of women a leading feature, it has had to contend with the usual amount of that opposition which is ever born of prejudice.

That it has succeeded in breasting these obstacles, no further evidence is needed than that of the large number of students in regular attendance; and, we may add, just here, that a few minutes observation in the class rooms, convinced us that these students were not only highly intellectual, but thoroughly contented with their lot also—the words "capacity and gladness," seeming to be written on every brow.

The museum to which the professor conducted us, though not very large, contains withal very many fine specimens of fossils and casts of the same.

The arrangement as adopted here of extinct species of animals in the order of their creation is certainly a good idea, and worthy of emulation; leading, as it does, the mind of the student from the contemplation of the creature, to that of the Almighty Being who made it; and "in whose hand is the soul of every living thing."

Among the casts we observed excellent copies of those weird looking scourges of the ancient world, the icthyosaurus and plesiosaurus. Also one of that giant armadilla, the glyptodon, rivaling the ox in size, and seeming warlike enough with its ponderous tail, fluted teeth and scaly armor.

We also noticed several copies of extinct animals taken from restorations. These are exceedingly life-like, sufficiently so to suggest the propriety of examining them at a safe distance. The museum contains many other things of interest, among the number, a splendid collection of metallic ores with their associate minerals. In the possession of these, the professor feels a just pride, they having been taken from their native rocks in the far west, and south by his own hands. At parting, he invited us to spend the following day with him, but our time being limited to a few hours, this honor was declined, and we turned away with a feeling of regret as the thought that it might be our last interview, suggested itself.

A half hour later we were tramping the bed of the Chemung River, a name by the way well known to geologists. This stream runs adjacent to the city, and at times is a large and rapid one, but during our visit the water was so very low that we were literally able, as already hinted, to tumble its stony bed.

Here we discovered the remains of many of those beautiful shell builders that lived and loved and died thousands of centuries ago, and as we lifted their dead forms one by one, each from its rocky tomb, our thoughts flew backward to that period of their development when the mountains, vales and streams surrounding us were not; but instead, was one vast, seething, and almost illimitable ocean. Gray hairs were even then glistening on the beard of "Old Time, yet since that era, cycles and aeons of ages have rolled away. Continents have risen from their living beds, have retired again to slumber in the bosom of the ocean, and again have risen. But amid these awful revolutions, amid the warring of the elements and the grinding and crushing of the primary rocks, "these humble toilers of the sea," clad in their shelly armor, were working out the purposes of their Creator. In the profoundest depths of that world of waters, in coral grottoes, and in groves of waving algæ, they dwell, a host innumerable; seeking that share of enjoyment vouchsafed to them in the economy of nature. There, through unnumbered centuries they flourished and increased, till again the word of the Lord was spoken, and other and more powerful creatures sprang into existence—when, slowly but surely, they went down to their death. But not so the story of their lives. That is not dead, nor shall it die. It is written in as many volumes as there are strata of rock, and the time is far distant when the student of nature shall weary of opening their hallowed leaves, or cease to remember the lessons they teach. We lingered here till the setting sun admonished us to return; when, laden with many a treasure, we started in a sort of double quick toward the depot, reaching it barely in time to find our friend and step on the train for Watkins.

At the moment of starting we were introduced to Mr. Parsons, the owner of the "Glen," who, we are free to say—speaking from subsequent knowledge—is the right man in the right place; his genial manners and kindly disposition being of themselves sufficient to remove all thoughts of weariness from the mind of the tired traveller. A pleasant ride of an hour's duration brought us to Watkins, and perhaps it never was darker than when we stepped upon the platform; but this mattered little, as our newly made friend—knowing our determination to reach the Glen House that night—secured a carriage at once, into which we stepped, while he turned away to care for others; dropping as he went the quaint remark, that our horses knew the mountain path a great deal better than he knew it himself.

By the time we reached the beautiful cemetery which embraces the eastern half of the mountain, and through which the Glen road passes, our eyes had become more accustomed to the darkness, so that here and there the dim outlines of monuments could be discovered looking for all the world like sheeted goblins waiting to hurl us over the precipices that yawned in awful grandeur close by our winding way. Still, as ever and anon the cheery voice of the driver assured us of safety, our hearts grew lighter; and as we neared the brow of the mountain, and listened to the music of the silver-tongued waters leaping and dancing far down in the glen, a shout burst from our lips, so laden with gladness, that the very echoes trembled with delight while passing it on.

An hour's social converse with the guests of the Chalet, ending with a merry "good night!" gave fitting close to one of the happiest days of our life, and ample promise of the morrow's pleasure as well.

How this promise was redeemed by the sprites and Fays of the "Glen"—what they told us, and what we saw, will be revealed by permission of the reader some time in the very near future, till then ——!

☞ "Paddy, my boy," said a gentleman to an Irishman whom he observed fishing away at a deep pool, "that must be a *favorite* stream for trout." "Faith, and sure it must be that same, for I have been standing here this three hours, and not one of 'em has come out of it."

THE SANCTUM AT MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HOOD ALSTON.

In the easy chair sat editor Wright,
As I entered the sanctum late one night,
To sign for the paper and pay my dues,
And read the latest local news.
I had been absent, I remember,
Since the middle of September,
And now bitter cold December
Seemed to make each burning ember
Grow more brightly than before.
And the snow without was flying,
And the Winter wind was sighing;
Another year was dying
As I entered at the door.

Being anxious for a paper,
I did not linger at the scraper;
But thro' the open passage glided
Into the sanctum uninvited,
There the editor sat before me,
And he seemed to ignore me,
Then my conscience did deplore me;
And a feeling vague came o'er me,
As I stood upon the floor,
That my presence was not wanted,
In that place by silence haunted,
And I felt that I was wanted
Just *outside* the office door.

Why with fear should I be shaken
For the step that I had taken?
If he was an angust editor,
Was I not his lawful creditor?
Thus said my wild confusion,
I at length formed the conclusion,
To consider the intrusion
Nothing more than a delusion
And I had imperial right
In that office. But the creature!
Never stirred a limb or feature,
And I felt that human nature
Was betrayed then in my sight.

I felt a conscious horror dread,
As if in presence of the dead—
As if no living human creature
Could assume such marble feature,
And yet I *knew* him to be dreaming
Of that land with beauty teeming,
Or fishing deep in the eternal
For thoughts to fill the morrow's journal,
On that dreary Winter night;
But my thoughts were all unspoken,
And the stillness was unbroken,
And my silence was a token
Of respect to editor Wright.

For I felt it would be hateful,
Most unholy and ungrateful,
Not to leave him thinking, thinking,
Deep of the eternal drinking
Draughts of infinite perfection;
So I left without detection;
Without severing the connection;
Impressed with the reflection
On that dreary Winter night,
That while other men are dreaming,
Editors' lights are gleaming,
And editors' brains are teeming
With sciences holy light.

ONE DAY'S JOURNEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A charming picture of domestic ease and comfort, was the breakfast-room of the Grey family, on a dull morning in October, a morning cheerless enough to make the light and warmth from the open fire within, more inviting even than usual. So evidently thought Aunt Lottie, as she came in with a shiver, which quickly subsided into a smile at sight of the glowing grate.

"Mollie not down yet! have you seen her this morning?"

"Yes, she and Dick seemed to be holding a private consultation in the hall, as I came in," said Helen, the eldest daughter and the family beauty. "Dick was laughing at Mollie's lack of courage, so I suppose some mischief is going on."

"No very grave mischief, I think," and Judge Grey, usually so stern, looked up pleasantly as Dick entered with a merry face, followed by his sister, who seemed more demure than ever, as she quietly took her place at the table.

"I don't know about the mischief, Papa, but I would like to go to the city to-day, if you please."

Without heeding the general exclamation of surprise, or Dick's nod of encouragement, Mollie went on eagerly.

"Alice Howe is visiting at her Aunt's, and she has written for me to come and spend to-day with her."

"Alice Howe, oh! your 'inseparable' at school, was she not? Yes, I think you may go if you will take one of your sisters. Can you accommodate her, Julia?"

That young lady shook her head, quite as if it were a matter of no consequence, and replied carelessly that the Townsend's were coming to dinner.

"Yes, I had forgotten, you will have to trust yourself to Richard then."

Master Dick drew himself up with an air of the greatest importance.

"I am very sorry, but it is impossible; I am catcher to the First Nine, and the game comes off this afternoon."

"Oh, that never ceasing, unendurable base ball!" exclaimed Aunt Lottie, impatiently. "How I do detest it, with all its ridiculous terms. As for that child's going to New York alone, it is quite out of the question; she can scarcely go to the village and back without some mishap, and it certainly is not safe."

"But I have not seen Alice for so long, Papa," and the coaxing arms were around his neck, and the pleading eyes were already filling.

"Will you promise to take good care of yourself, dear child? Well, then, I think you had better take the boat, and I trust no harm will happen to you."

Not a beautiful girl, not even a pretty girl was little Mollie, but the deep honest expression in the truthful eyes, and the sweet unselfish disposition, were much more winning than mere beauty of form or feature can ever be. Everybody laughed at Mollie for her heedlessness and awkward ways, but everybody loved her; the youngest daughter, she was at once the pet and poor little fag of the whole house. Between Dick's teasing and caressing she had but little peace in holiday time, and it was curious to hear her odd little sigh of mingled regret and relief, when he was safe back at school again; but she was of little account with her sisters, fine, handsome girls, who gave her an occasional kiss, and always informed her that she needn't mind coming in the parlor when there were callers, as chits of girls like her were generally considered quite a bore, so as they never had much time to attend to her, she lived quite another life within herself, longing to solve all the perplexing questions which vexed her earnest, eager mind, and devoted herself to dry, mysterious-looking volumes, daily growing wiser and more thoughtful; but no one ever thought of her as anything but a child, and it was with much foreboding and many charges, "not to get drowned or kidnapped," that kind Aunt Lottie saw her favorite niece depart on the proposed solitary journey.

"I declare, Mollie, if it were not for that match, I should not let you go alone, I can tell you," said Dick with all the dignity of his fourteen years.

"I don't mind it in the least, Dickie, and I shall be at home first to night, I dare say; and then, too, I may have an adventure," and she laughed gayly, as the last warning bell sounded from the steamboat, and she bade her brother a hasty good-by.

Once on board, she took a rapid survey of the cabin, but there was nothing there to interest her, so she passed on to the saloon and seating herself comfortably, as is the fashion of young girls, she betook herself to the last new magazine, which she had brought with her to while away the time. Presently, however, she began to be conscious that a pair of eyes opposite was bestowing considerable attention upon her, so she quietly changed her seat, glancing furtively at the offender.

"How provoking! He looks as green as green can be, and wears glasses too. I wish he would go away."

The youth in question was not likely, in truth, to be the beau-ideal of a romantic young lady, and rightly interpreting the movement of Mollie's chair, he gave a queer little smile as he picked up something from the floor which he gravely handed her, with a—"I think you let this fall, Miss."

Mollie's face was instantly crimson as she took the little brown leather portemonnaie from him, awkwardly stammering her thanks. The young gentleman went below, and Mollie was left to enjoy her book undisturbed.

The boat soon ploughed its foamy path to the busy city wharf, and after much confusion, our heroine found her way through the din and strife with a feeling of independence quite new and strange to her.

She had no difficulty in finding her friend, who met her at the door with an anxious, troubled face, and in answer to Mollie's inquiries, explained that she had received news of her mother's sudden illness but a few moments before. The message came too late for us to take the morning train, but we are to go this afternoon. It is so very unfortunate for you too."

But Mollie would not allow her own disappointment, and the two girls sat down to a confidential talk, such as only young people can thoroughly enjoy; but they were soon interrupted by the early dinner, after which there was no time to spare.

"It is too early for the boat yet. Would you not like to see the new picture gallery? We can set you down on our way to the depot, and the time will not seem so long."

So with many loving words and much real regret, the two friends parted, and Mollie found herself alone at the gallery.

"This is much better than the stupid waiting on the boat," and she wandered from picture to picture, forgetful of every thing in her exquisite enjoyment; her whole soul bowing down in awe and reverence before the genius which could make thought, deep glorious thought, a beautiful reality. There was true artist oblivion in the girl, for there she stood drinking in the tenderness and grace which high art always imparts, until she suddenly discovered that the paintings were glowing with light, and looking up what was her dismay to see that the gas was already lighted.

She hurried anxiously into the street; the mist of the early morning had settled into a dull rain, and it was already late, too late for the boat, she thought, but there was no harm in trying, so she walked hastily to the wharf, to find it deserted; without stopping a moment, she hastened back and was soon comfortably ensconced in a carriage on her way to the depot.

"If I am not in time for this train I can take the next, so it's no matter," she said to herself very complacently.

The last car, however, was leaving the depot just as poor Mollie entered, so she resigned herself to an hour's dull waiting, wondering what they would say at home—"after all papa's cautions too."

Presently her thoughts were diverted by the entrance of a woman with a child in her arms, who shrank shivering into a corner. A moan from the child excited the care of the mother, who tried to hush it, as she folded her own thin covering more closely round its puny form. Mollie instantly rose and taking her own travelling shawl, walked over to the miserable woman, quite unconscious that the room was already filling. The offer of the shawl was at first declined, but Mollie insisted, and herself wrapped the comfortable garment around the thin, shivering shoulders; then thinking that a little money might not be amiss, for her generous heart never did anything by halves, she put her hand to her pocket, but withdrew it in consternation, for her portemonnaie was not there. She walked quickly away from the woman to the place where she had been sitting, with a faint hope that she might find it. Fate was against her however, and there she sat; a mist gathering before her eyes, and her face growing paler and paler.

"What shall I do?" she thought. "I can't beg my way, for I wouldn't dare speak to any one here, and I have nowhere in the world to go. What if they should carry me off to the Station-house?"

This last thought was almost too much for her fortitude—brave little heart though she was, so she indulged in that luxury of all distressed damsels; a good, quiet, miserable "cry" after which she found courage enough to look stealthily around to see if she could find one friendly face. She quickly returned to the seclusion of her handkerchief however, as she caught sight of the young man of the morning, who was "as green as green could be," feeling sure that he had been watching her all the time; but she did not move her chair now, only cried a little more, and then from the bustle, knew the cars were about to leave.

She started up wildly; she must get home somehow, so she stepped up to the ticket office, determined at least to make an effort, but she turned away sick at heart, and almost fainting; only she was conscious of a voice saying: "Can I help you, Miss?" and when she quite recovered herself, she was seated in the cars with the verdant youth by her side. She gave a little sob, and then broke out desperately.

"You can't think how thankful I am, sir. I might have gone to the Station-house but for you."

There was such pathos in the tone, that the young man repressed his smile at the thought of the "Station-house," and tried his best to comfort the forlorn Mollie, and almost before she knew it, she had told him her name, and in her child-like, honest way, taken him entirely into her confidence. She felt that she could trust him with that true instinct, which is the safeguard of innocent hearts, and she did trust him so entirely, that before their destination was reached, he had read her pure, truthful soul to its depths, and a new feeling had awakened in his own true, manly heart.

"I wonder what can have become of Mollie—the boat is certainly in;" said Judge Grey, uneasily, as he sat in his arm-chair by the window, peering out into the thickening darkness.

"It is small wonder to me what has become of her," replied Aunt Lottie, "kidnapped or drowned, if nothing worse."

Moment after moment flew by, and still no news of the absent one. Tea was brought in, but no one had the heart to partake of it.

"Wait till the child comes—she may have taken the cars; I will send John to the station."

To the station John went, but no Mollie was to be heard of; so they sat there in silence, all but Dick, who, filled with self-reproach, was continually going to the door, and out into the rain without any very definite purpose.

"Perhaps she will come in the next train."

They all hoped so, but no one dared trust much to it.

At length the stillness was disturbed by a sound on the gravel walk, and Mollie came in heralded by a burst of rejoicing from Dick; her face glowing, and her curls all tangled and loose, but the light in her eye, and the cheeriness in her voice, disarmed all reproof.

"Such a time as I have had, dear papa; and he is so splendid, if I did think him green just at first!" and then remembering that this was not very lucid, as she caught Aunt Lottie's astonished gaze, she suddenly stopped, confused and thoroughly abashed.

"Who is 'He,' and what time did you have, child?"

"Well, you see I lost my money, and missed the boat, and was caught in the rain, and 'he'—I don't know what his name is—is coming to call to-morrow; he paid my fare, and lent his shawl to me, and brought me home."

"Oh, glorious, sis! a regular adventure," said Dick, slyly.

But Aunt Lottie held up her hands in dismay.

"Lost your money, missed the boat, a strange young man paid your fare, lent you his shawl! Where in the world was your own?"

"Oh! I gave that away to a poor woman with a dear little baby."

"Mollie! Mollie! What are you coming to? and the strange young man going to call to-morrow. Well! this is quite to much for me."

And the strange young man did call; and the house-maid stared in astonishment at the card for "Miss Mary."

Miss Mary, however, tripped in, in the freshest of dresses and the sweetest of smiles, and managed the introduction very cleverly.

Many and various were the opinions in regard to the gentleman. The sisters declared he had no "style;" but Aunt Lottie was so overwhelmed with his kindness to her darling, that she quite forgot to notice about that.

Judge Grey gave him a cordial welcome; and somehow, Mollie began to feel quite proud of her achievement, and took to dreaming more than ever; and this young man who was "as green as green could be," was strangely mixed with the dreaming; "and when one day he came into the garden and sat by her side, and told her the old, old story," the story of his love, and how her kindness to the poor woman first attracted him, "and how he loved her for her own sweet self, and asked her to be his wife," for once she did not feel in the least awkward, only she said, with such a happy, contented smile—

"I am afraid you will find me very careless sometimes—but I will try to do better;" the last word stifled with a little sob, as she thought of the great, true heart, that was all her own, "and her soul arose in gratitude to Him who had sent her so much happiness.

Dick never could forgive himself for the loss of this, his favorite sister. All the fault of that base-ball! If I had only gone with her that day!" and the prospective brother-in-law was looked upon in anything but a friendly light.

The following summer there was a simple, quiet wedding in the village church; and if the bride was plain and child-like, and the bridegroom anything but handsome, it made but little difference to them; each was rich in the other's love, and that was all sufficient. Little Mollie had found a life-long protector now, and her husband regarded her as his greatest earthly treasure. At such a true union of hearts, what could be wanting?

MY FAITH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

We were standing together on the piazza, Alice Grayle and I, and I was saying pretty nothings to her, when I saw a graceful figure down the winding elm avenue, and left off my pretty speeches to watch it.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Faith Farley," Miss Grayle answered. "A friend of my father's died and left his child alone in the world. Father brought her home, and she has lived with us ever since. I thought you had seen her."

"I have never had the pleasure," I answered.

"You have got into such a habit of making flattering speeches *to* us women that you can't get rid of it when speaking *of* them, I see," laughed Miss Grayle.

"I was in earnest when I said I had never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Farley," I answered. "It is always a pleasure to me to watch a pretty face and figure."

"Do you think Faith Farley pretty?" questioned Miss Grayle, a little scornfully. "I never heard any one say that about her before."

"Yes," I answered, watching the figure pacing up and down the avenue in the cool of the summer morning. "I do really think her pretty."

"I can't say much for your taste then," said Miss Grayle, coldly.

"Don't you think she would look well in a picture?" I asked. "Her hair has precisely the tint to light up beautifully in the sun, and her face is so fresh and clear. If her eyes are as pretty as her face I am sure I should like to paint her if I were an artist. I wish she would come nearer, so that I could look into them. I am sure they must be brown, deep and shadowy, and full of shifting expressions. Are they not?"

"Faith, come here," called Miss Grayle. "Mr. Ascott wants to look at your eyes."

The figure stopped in its walk as Miss Grayle called its name, and the sweet wild-rose face was turned toward us questioningly. The eyes *were* brown, I could see, beautiful and expressive. A quick, scarlet flush stained her face as Miss Grayle explained why she wished her to come to us, and she turned away with a little haughty lift of the head, and a flash of her brown eyes at me.

"You ought not to have said that, Miss Grayle," I said. "You have offended her."

"What right has she to get offended?" asked Miss Grayle, with a little scornful inflection of her voice. "What would become of her if we did not take pity on her? Since father died we have done by her exactly as before. She might have had some claim on him, from the fact that her father was his friend, but she has none on us."

I hastened to change the subject, for I saw that there was evidently an antagonism between Miss Grayle and the daughter of her father's friend.

Later in the day I met Faith walking in the grounds back of the house. She flushed up hotly when she saw me, and would have avoided me. But I prevented her from doing that.

"Miss Farley," I said, putting out my hand to stop her, "I want to tell you that I am sorry for what Miss Grayle said this morning. I assure you I was not at all to blame for her rude speech. I saw you and liked your face, and said I would like to paint it if your eyes were such eyes as I thought they ought to be to harmonize with your features. You are not offended at that, are you?" I added, holding out my hand.

"No," she said frankly, with her clear, sweet eyes on my face, as though to make sure of my sincerity. "I am not offended at that, but I *was* offended at Miss Grayle's words. However that need not hinder our being friends if you wish it," she added, putting her hand in mine.

I had plenty of chances to study her face that afternoon as we walked and talked together. It was not positively handsome, but it was really pretty. The cheeks had a wild-rose color in them, and the cherry-stained lips had a charming way of curving over the white teeth, half-hiding, half-disclosing them. Her hair was soft and brown, and matched her beautiful eyes exquisitely. A rarer, fresher face I had not seen for many a day. More beautiful women I might have seen, but none more charming. I thought as we walked back toward the house. There was something refreshing in her simple, frank ways, after getting tired of the affected, hollow manners of city life.

After that I saw Faith Farley often. I learned something of her life from her lips, but that little I learned without her being aware of the fact. She evidently meant to let fall no hint about the life she was living, but now and then a stray word would creep out that gave me a little insight into her affairs. I found out that she was not happy. Far from that. Mr. Grayle had expressed the wish before he died that she should always have a home under his roof if she needed it, and Mrs. Grayle could not very well go contrary to the wish of a dying man. But that she was not a member of the household I knew well enough. Neither mother nor daughter had any special friendship for her. It was plain to see that they considered her rather in the way than otherwise. Once Faith told me that she would have gone out teaching after Mr. Grayle died, but her education had been neglected in those branches which she would be required to teach, and that idea she had given up as impracticable.

It was not long before I learned to love Faith Farley, and Alice Grayle saw the truth before I did. I knew that I had offended her in some way, because she was distant and cold, and made little taunting speeches for which I cared nothing. One morning when something was said about the nature of faith, she turned to me and asked me to be so kind as to give them my ideas of *faith*. I knew then from her look and tone that she thought I cared more for Faith than for her, and that she was stung to jealousy by it. And I knew then, like a sudden revelation, that the interest I felt in Faith Farley was a strong man's love.

That afternoon I went to the city, and was detained there a week. On my return to Mrs. Grayle's I was told that Faith Farley had gone away in my absence. They did not know where. She had not been able to tell them where she was going, because she hardly knew what she was going to do, and till she found out what to do she could not tell where she would stop.

"She got some odd notion of independence in her head," Miss Grayle said. "We could not find out much about her plans. Probably she hadn't any. She may be glad enough to come back some time."

Beyond this I could learn absolutely nothing. She seemed to have disappeared utterly from our knowledge. I tried to find traces of her. I made many inquiries, and went here and there hoping to find her, but never a word did I hear of the Faith Farley I loved.

Miss Grayle tried her blandishments on me in vain, and finally gave up in disgust. I had no love to give her or any other woman. I had given it wholly to my Faith. At first I was sure I should find her somewhere some time, but after awhile I began to get discouraged and thought she must be dead. And the memory of the Faith I called dead was a white stone in my life.

When the war broke out I enlisted. I was in many battles, and escaped without a wound until in the siege before Petersburg. There I was struck by a ball, after which a fever set in, and the wound and the fever brought me down to the open gates of death, where I lingered, loth to enter.

For many days life was an utter blank. But one morning a dim ray of consciousness crept in across my bewildered brain, and I opened my eyes feebly and looked about me.

I was in a hospital. I could see the long white wards, with the little beds ranged in rows down them, and nurses coming and going here and there.

Looking down the room I saw a woman, in soft gray robes, and a sudden thrill crept tingling through my veins. It was marvellously like Faith's figure, supple, slender, graceful. The hair was brown like hers, too, and when she turned her face that way I cried out with all the strength left me, for I saw Faith's face, grown more womanly since I had seen it before, but the same sweet, patient face I had loved so well.

She heard me and came toward me. But my excitement overcame me all at once, and I sank into a half-unconsciousness that was almost a swoon, yet I knew enough of what was going on about me to know that Faith came and bent over me and kissed me, and cried out to the gruff old doctor who came up that I was going to die.

Then I felt a warm thrill of life stealing back into my veins, and I opened my eyes and whispered her name faintly, but she heard it, and bent down to me, dropping warm tears on my face.

"Do you know me at last?" she said, softly. "I was afraid you would die without knowing that a friend was near you at the last."

"Give him this wine," said the doctor, and I swallowed the draught from her hand, and felt a new lease of life come to me.

"I shan't die," I whispered feebly. "I have found my Faith."

"He mustn't take any more," the doctor said, peremptorily. "Let him have perfect quiet, and there is hope."

But I clung to Faith's hand. I feared to lose her again. And she, to keep me quiet, sat down beside my bed, and kept both my hands in hers and smiled upon me through her tears. There was something restful in her face, and, looking at it, I felt drowsiness stealing over me, and presently I slept, a deep, sweet sleep, from which I awoke to find her sitting by my bedside still.

"I thought I had lost you," I said. "I hunted for you, but could not find a trace of you. Where were you all the time?"

"Earning my bread, and trying to forget you," she answered. "You see," in answer to my look of inquiry, "they made me believe you were amusing yourself with me, and they were very angry with me, and I would not stay. I know now that they deceived me. So let's forget it all, shan't we?" and I answered yes. With my Faith all my own again, I could afford to forget the years that had drifted across between our pathways. Forget, I say. I don't know that we can wholly forget. I think not, but we are so happy, Faith and I, that we seldom speak of the years which separated us. Nothing but death can part us now, and that would not be for long. I know we should meet again—over there!

A LAND OF BACHELORS.

There is only one territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by any considerable population, from which woman is absolutely excluded. Yet such a place exists to-day, and has existed for centuries. As far back as history reaches, to all females it has been forbidden ground. This bachelor's Arcadia is situated on a bold plateau between the old peninsula of Acte, in the Grecian Archipelago, and the mainland. Here, in the midst of cultivated fields and extensive woodlands, dwell a monastic confederation of Greek Christians, with twenty-three convents, and numbering more than seven thousand souls, and not one of the monasteries dates from a later time than the twelfth century. A few soldiers guard the borders of this anti-female land, and no woman is allowed to cross the frontier. Nor is this all; the rule is extended to every female creature, and from time immemorial no cow, mare, hen, duck or goose has been permitted to make acquaintance with hill or valley of Mount Athos territory. A traveller was startled by the abrupt question, "What sort of human creatures are women?" The very idea of woman, whether as mother, wife or sister, is almost lost. To all woman-haters; to bachelors of over forty years' standing; to all men who seek refuge from the wiles and ways of the opposite sex, this region can be safely recommended as a haven of refuge.

☞ A gentleman who got home a night or two since in an elevated condition, tried to persuade his wife that his desultory gait was owing to the fact of his being dressed in diagonal clothes.

SABBATH BELLS.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

But yesterday the hum and roar
Of countless human feet,
And feet of steeds, life's ceaseless pour,
Made tumult in the street;
But now what charm hath soothed the air,
And stilled its troubled waves,
Like oil about the sea-king's lair,
Amid dark ocean's caves?

Its words no mystic power obey;
Go read upon its scroll,
"Remember thou the Sabbath day,"
God-spoken to the soul.
"To keep it holy," Sabbath bells
Ring out their mellow call,
And nations worship while it swells
Alike o'er cot and hall:

Until, while rippling through the air
Beyond our mortal ken,
The angels catch the sound and bear,
Amid their glad amen,
Its echoes freed, like poet's rhymes,
From notes that discord bore,
And scatter all its silver chimes
Upon their golden shore.

MAGGIE LUTE S. BURKE.

*[Inscribed to the bells of sacred memories, Christ Church, Philadelphia.]

LADY CREIGHTON'S CRIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

"Yes, it's a queer looking old place, and queer things happen there, I've heard. Things that don't seem much in this bright sunshine, but which would make a man's flesh creep if he'd see and hear 'em over there in the dead o' night."

"So!"

"So it is, sir, and people shun the place as they would the plague."

"I'd like to visit it. What do you say, Falkland?" And my travelling companion, Colonel Elton, turned toward me with something of the battle fire lighting his stern face.

"I'm not afraid of ghosts, colonel.

"Good! Neither am I." Then addressing the German peasant: "Can we get at the keys and secure the services of a fellow not afraid of a sighing gust of wind at midnight?"

The peasant shook his head in condemnation of the light tones, saying, as he did so:

"There's no need of keys, sir. A storm crashed one of the old doors in more than a year since, and you can go and come as you like. But if you want a good, brave fellow to guide you and stand by you through thick and thin, my brother Franz is the one for you, and he'll go backed by a hound that fears nothing human."

"Very good. We'll investigate this mystery to-night."

It was nearing dusk when we reached the irregular old structure which had attracted our attention earlier in the day. Perched high amidst rock and forest, its aspect was eminently forbidding, though the extensive grounds still gave evidence of a former care and taste which must have relieved the place of much of its sombre wildness.

As we wandered through the labyrinthine halls and rooms, other evidences of bygone luxury met our eyes in remnants of faded carpets and stray pieces of furniture, elegant enough to have graced a palace.

And these proofs of the last tenant's hasty flight were to be found in every direction. One room on the first floor had scarcely been disturbed, and in this we finally decided to bestow ourselves and the hamper which Franz had guarded with a care that sufficiently expressed his regard for its contents. Once ablaze with firelight and candlelight the room looked a cheery place in which to await ghostly sights and sounds, and we discussed the contents of the above-mentioned hamper, trusting that our mundane comforts might not scare away the nocturnal visitants of whom we had heard.

"Franz," said the colonel, sipping with critical taste the glass of hock now and then raised between his eye and the light, "Franz, I think you told me the last residents here were English."

"Yes, sir. A lady somebody, with her two daughters—one a child—and an army of servants. Sometimes they were seen abroad, but not often; and after a time the young lady was never seen."

"How long did they reside here?"

"A year, I believe, though it may have been more or less. 'Twas whispered that they ran away from what we're come to look up. And I'm thinking something took them off in a hurry, seeing how they left things."

"It might seem so," returned the colonel, glancing reflectively around him, "and—"

"Hush!" I exclaimed, raising a warning hand. "What was that?"

There succeeded a dead silence, broken only by Nature's quiet voice out in the forest.

"Your fertile imagination, my dear fellow," at last laughed the colonel, emptying his glass.

"Not so!" I exclaimed as we all sprang to our feet at a louder repetition of the sound which had arrested my attention a minute before.

"'Twas a woman's voice—a voice that I know!" cried the colonel, snatching up a candle and dashing from the room. "It came from the hall above," he shouted back, as Franz and I prepared to follow him.

"Stop!" exclaimed Franz as we reached the door. "Look at the poor brute!" pointing to his boasted pet, crouching in the extremity of terror under a low couch by the fire. "Come, Fury! Come!" he called, but a whine was the only response, and we joined the colonel alone. "It's nothing human, colonel, you needn't look," said Franz solemnly, as with ashy cheeks and lips my friend darted from chamber to chamber.

As he spoke the same heart-rending wail—sweet as mournful—echoed through the halls and died away in some remote corner of the building.

"Higher! higher!" cried the colonel, taking the steps, two at a time. "Nina! Nina! My darling—my love! I am here, Nina!" he shouted as the hall was reached.

Horror filled my soul. Had my friend gone mad? I looked at Franz. His eyes plainly spoke my own unexpressed fear. No voice answered the colonel's impassioned call, yet with frantic grief he prosecuted his vain search, tearing away moth-eaten hangings, sounding the walls and beating the floors despite our entreaties and arguments. At last we got him down to the room we had entered so incredulously a few hours previous. He sunk into a seat, despairing woe marked on every lineament.

"Drink it, colonel," begged Franz, placing a brimming glass against the set lips, adding as it was taken and drained: "Shall we leave the cursed place, sir?"

"You can leave if you wish, but I shall remain till this awful mystery is solved," muttering to himself as he again sunk into that woful silence. "There's been foul play, just as I suspected." Directly he looked up, demanding abruptly: "Franz, was the lady's name Creighton? Lady Creighton?"

Franz answered promptly: "For the life of me I couldn't tell the name. But there! do you hear that, sir?" he whispered, a gray hue settling about his mouth. "Them wheels always rolls up here at midnight, and then the worst comes. Heaven help us!"

The colonel had started to his feet at the first sound, and we stood breathless listeners to the rolling wheels and ringing hoofs. On they came, nearer—nearer, halting, at last, at the main entrance.

With one accord we caught up and lighted the torches lying at hand, and rushed into the hall just in time to see the great door roll open with a heavy clang, and hear the dull tramp of heavy feet and the soft rustle of silken gowns.

Close beside us the weird unseen company passed, crossing the hall to the stairs, and then up step by step. Half paralyzed I stood gazing into vacancy till Elton's smothered command aroused me.

"Come! Where they go, I go!"

And step by step we followed—up to the hall above, and then to the next. Not a word—nothing but that dull tramp and the silken rustle. It was frightful! Yet on the colonel strode, evidently undisturbed by the terrors that shook Franz and me, a mute anguish and unfaltering purpose breathing through every glance and movement.

That some terrible grief had once swept his life, rumor had long before whispered, and I was half unconsciously speculating on it, associating the unknown past with the strange present, when a dead hush fell, ended instantly by the most appalling shriek that ever smote human ears. Just there in front of us it arose, dying away in the same prolonged, mournful wail we had first heard. A strange guttural murmur, a hurried rush of feet, a chilling blast of wind, and we stood in total darkness. As Franz clutched wildly at my arm the colonel's voice rung clear as a bugle in the frenzied cry:

"Nina! Poor dove, I am coming!" Then, as the truth seemed to strike him he groaned: "Heaven help me! Am I mad? Alas! she is dead!"

Scarcely had the words left his lips when a low fiendish laugh, which each of us could have sworn was breathed close to his own ear, curdled the blood in our veins. Even the colonel was struck with horror. A sharp ejaculation escaped his lips, and it was in hoarse, unsteady accents that he bade us relight the torches if we had the means.

But even as he spoke a vivid, lambent light shone about us, revealing the tall slender figure of a woman whose dark, rich beauty was set off to exquisite advantage by a heavy black satin robe, with broad, trailing, blood-red cincture, and knots of the same ruddy hue burning under diamond fastenings in the jetty hair, and at the graceful throat.

She stood at the end of the hall, one slender hand gliding over the adorning frescoes; one little blood-red slippered foot pressed hard against the wood work below. With panting breath and glittering eye Colonel Elton bent forward, watching till the seeming wall fell slowly back. Then he sprung forward, shouting fiercely:

"Lady Creighton! Demon! Fiend!"

We only saw a spasm of pain contract the beautiful features—a swift hand raised toward the door, and all was darkness. Hurriedly re-lighting our torches we approached the wall; but our eager hands had scarcely touched its frescoes when the low wail of a harp struck us motionless.

A few wandering chords—a few wilderingly sweet and mournful strains, and then there rose a full, perfect melody, swelling gradually into a harmonious tempest that every instant approached nearer and nearer. Like great tidal waves it dashed up to our very feet, and then slowly receded only to sweep back and again encompass us in a weird storm of melodious sounds. To and fro it swept—to and fro, to and fro. Franz was the first to shake off the spell that bound us.

"It comes from behind this cursed wall!" he exclaimed. "Let's break it in—there's no good behind it!"

The colonel started as if from a dream.

"Wait! We'll first search among these frescoes, pressing a foot as *she* did," he answered hoarsely.

We found the secret springs; but whether hours or minutes were consumed by the task I cannot say. As the door swung open the grand melody wavered, shivering into wild, fitful gusts that drifted sweetly away till the far distance had swallowed every sound. And in a silence almost as weird as the music we traversed the long, narrow passage and winding stairs up to three chambers with iron-bound doors and high grated windows.

All the belongings of a lady's drawing-room, bed chamber, and boudoir were scattered through these rooms, and many tokens of a vanished presence. No dismantling hand had ever been here.

Paintings garnished the walls; richly bound volumes lay heaped in pretty confusion on the tables; a harp, with broken, rusted strings, and a quaint chair beside it, stood just as the musician had left it. Under the lace and velvet hangings of the couch was the imprint of a human form. Even the gem-studded brush beneath the dressing mirror spoke of some fair woman in a few long golden threads which Colonel Elton drew out with tender hand, and pressed to his lips in a passion of love and grief.

On the floor at the foot of the couch we found a tiny crystal flask suggestive of much to Colonel Elton. But save the one little word "Nina," scratched on a book, nothing more by which to identify the life that had been, rewarded our diligent search, and lighted by the blaze of the rising sun we slowly and sadly returned to our camping-room. There Franz met with a grief. His noble pet was dead! A fact strange as indisputable.

That same day Elton and I were en route for London.

It was one of Lady Creighton's grand reunions.

Colonel Elton had paid his respects, avoiding with infinite tact and grace the cordially extended hand of his hostess. Glancing at me he said:

"Lady Creighton, I have presumed upon my intimacy with the late Sir Robert and his lovely daughter so far as to bring an old friend. Allow me to present Major Falkland."

With shivering horror I gazed upon the woman glowing in the perfect maturity of her exquisite Italian beauty. No dress of black satin and ruddy-hued ribbons this time; but a crimson velvet robe, palpitating opals, shimmering diamonds, and laces a queen might have coveted.

Rich and mellow was Colonel Elton's voice when he spoke again.

"We are just from Germany, lady Creighton," he said.

Lady Creighton paled under the eye with which he transfixed her.

"We left the singing Rhine for the borders of a grand old forest—the very forest your feet once skirted."

I noted the same look of fear that swept the face under the frescoed walls. It was swift as awful, and she answered in silvery tones:

"That was not remarkable, Colonel Elton. I was resident in Germany a number of months. My late husband's daughter was a great invalid, and we carried her thither when other means failed to reward our hopes. It was a sad time, for Sir Robert being too feeble to leave England all the responsibility fell upon me."

"You must have found it wearing," my friend, returned with the same transfixing gaze.

Lady Creighton had recovered herself somewhat, and her face betrayed nothing as she answered calmly.

"I did. But I must entreat you to excuse me—other guests I see are waiting my leisure."

"Mamma!" a sweet voice murmured at her elbow.

"Ah! Here is my daughter, Beatrice Vinci. I suppose you have forgotten her Colonel Elton! She was but a sprite when you last saw her, Carissima!" And her dark passionate eyes burned lovingly as she presented the beautiful innocent girl at her side.

Lady Creighton moved away, doubtless hoping to avoid further conversation with the man she had just escaped.

She might as well have shunned the outstretched hand of death. Colonel Elton was her shadow. At last the rooms began to thin, but still he lingered, and Lady Creighton's face whitened and sharpened perceptibly. At last we were the only remaining guests. Self-possessed and inflexible he spoke.

"Again presuming on old time privileges, Lady Creighton, I have remained for a quiet chat about that Germany in which we both have occasion to feel a deep interest."

I was prepared for hauteur at this point; but remorse had done its work, and she bowed shiveringly.

"Germany!" echoed the lovely Beatrice who was hovering near her mother. "O mamma! I can't bear it mentioned without a shudder. That terrible—terrible old—"

"Beatrice, go!" interrupted Lady Creighton almost sharply. "It grows late. These gentlemen will not detain me long, and I will soon join you."

And again the mother-love flamed in her magnificent eyes as she watched the girl's retreating form. The last floating thread of white gossamer lost to her view, she dropped into a fauteuil, motioning us to seats near her. The quiet even voice took me by surprise, and also the courage with which she dashed into an evidently-dreaded subject.

"Doubtless you have heard some of the sad details of our residence in Germany, though not the saddest. Nina's madness was a family secret, kept from all save a few faithful servants, and we naturally preferred the seclusion of a foreign country for our darling, to the publicity and horrors of a madhouse. In Germany we could guard her with secret as well as loving care."

Elton's broad chest heaved at that startling mention of madness, which accounted for certain grated windows and iron-bound doors. He replied nonchalantly.

"I heard many things, Lady Creighton—some of which I will tell you. When I was first ordered off to India, I bore with me the hope of winning a sweet girl's love—and I left one in London who had both the will and the power to keep me informed of all concerning the lovely Nina—Sir Robert Creighton's one precious darling. Consequently, I learned in due time that old Sir Robert's heart and hand had been won by a peerless Italian widow—that Nina had been gifted with a mother.

"Trampling all obstacles under foot, I returned for a brief visit. I returned to find that my wild idolatry had gained the coveted reward—Nina's love was mine. Besides that I soon found that she was far from happy—that her father's beautiful wife was a terror and dread to her. Though sharing her fears I laughed at them—and with the glad hope of claiming, at some future day, Sir Robert's conditional promise, I departed for the post of duty.

"Then, Lady Creighton, I learned through the same friend, that Sir Robert had made a new will—and one which was very generally esteemed the work of his peerless wife. Since I am detailing much that you already know, I may state that this will contained a clause, startling in that the vast Creighton estates were entailed to Lady Creighton's little child, Beatrice Vinci, through his own daughter, Nina, in case the latter should *die unwedded*. I was disturbed at this item of English intelligence, for I said to myself, Lady Creighton may—"

He paused, and leaned toward the superb creature whose eyes were riveted on his by a species of fascination.

"You look so white and horrified, Lady Creighton, that I fear you do not quite understand," he sneered, with a cold, deadly smile. Then resumed with the same smile, the same icy tones: "I said to myself, Lady Creighton may be—*may be*—TEMPTED! Don't! my lady! Don't!" he laughed ruthlessly, as a low cry parted her white lips; "you mar the thread of my story, which is still unfinished.

"After a few months I heard that my Nina was in delicate health, and that the peerless Lady Creighton, who was a model step-dame in the world's eyes, had carried the poor darling to Germany, hoping something from change of scene and air. While madly chafing the bit of duty which kept me where I was, the last sad letter reached me. My friend had looked on the white, coffined face of my darling, and followed her down to the old Creighton vaults.

"He knew my fears, and voluntarily assured me that no shadow of distrust might touch Lady Creighton's immaculate name. Forcing a belief in this assurance, I remained year after year under Asian suns; for when the doting Sir Robert followed Nina there was nothing to draw me to England. But, Lady Creighton," and his voice lost the anguished tenderness of the previous minute for the clear nonchalant tones which doomed her at every word, "but, Lady Creighton, after ten years something impelled me to a wanderer's life in Germany; and strangely enough, as I told you earlier in the evening, I tracked your footsteps."

Again he paused, leaning forward, with glittering eye and cold smile.

"My Lady Creighton, permit me to ask you a question. Were the contents of this dainty toy quite harmless?" extending a hand on which lay the crystal flask.

Lady Creighton's lips parted, but no sound drifted across their whiteness, and with another biting laugh he resumed his former attitude of nonchalant ease, and continued:

"The same old halls which your crimson-slippered feet once trod echoed our heavier footsteps; the same frescoed door which your delicate fingers so often touched swung back at our louder 'open sesame!' My lady, the harp strings were all rusted and broken, but these fine golden strands remained, deathless tokens of the fair being whose graceful head they once adorned." And he suspended the shining threads between Lady Creighton's eyes and the flaming chandelier.

"Oh heaven! will you never be done?" shudderingly gasped the stricken woman.

"Soon, very soon, my Lady Creighton. Be patient. *She* was, I know, though her wails and shrieks rung pitifully through those old rooms and halls, when we reached, with that tramping, unearthly crew, the little frescoed door. Ha! So you know something of that spirit gang?—something of the tramping feet, the fiendish laughs, the shrieks, wails, and the harp strains?" he queried chillingly as Lady Creighton silently raised before her bowed head two deprecating hands with the palms outward.

"Colonel! colonel! Be merciful, colonel!" I said, grasping his arm.

He shook me off without a word or look, continuing;

"And, my Lady Creighton, can you believe it?—we saw your very self there before that little frescoed door! Black satin, all crimson flecked from peerless head to dainty foot you were. My lady, do you love the color of your deeds?" glancing significantly at her velvet robe.

He rose, speaking in his own calm, rich tones as he looked down upon her pallid face and shivering form.

"I have now told you something of what I have heard, and will detain you no longer. To-morrow I shall see you again. Lady Creighton must prove her innocence."

And on that morrow he did see her.

We were noiselessly conducted into a darkened chamber, and up to a couch on which lay a shrouded form. The linen was softly folded away from a face scarcely whiter than that on which we had gazed the night before, but sweet and placid as an infant's.

Lady Creighton had appealed to the highest tribunal.

☞ The Torch of Hymen—The domestic match.

CHICAGO.

Blackened and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne
Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,
Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown,

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul—
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal—
The gifts *her* kinship and our love reveal.

BRET HARTE.

'TWIXT EARTH AND SKY

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Giles White was not one of those conventional hunters and trappers which abound so plentifully in a certain class of light literature. He was a hunter and trapper of wild animals, but he was not ignorant of everything besides his trade. Although living in the depth of a forest, remote from civilization, he was not uneducated. It is true, he had read but few modern books, but with many of those works which the world is pleased to call classics, he was thoroughly familiar. He used pretty good language, and, though a hunter, he never called a bear a b'ar!

He never alluded to his own history—but I fancy he had felt some great sorrow, for there was often a sad, far-a-way look in his eyes, and I do not remember to have ever heard him laugh.

One moonless night when the cheerful blaze of our camp-fire only served to render the dense darkness more visible, Giles White told me the following episode:—

"A long while ago, Jacques Vilain lived, or rather circulated, in a portion of New York state. He never stayed in one place more than a week at a time. The part he frequented most, was only sparsely inhabited. Jacques Vilain had been a smuggler in Brittany, and he was up to all the tricks of his trade, and many more besides. He had left his country for his country's good, as the saying is. He had not been long in America before the authorities, (the British King ruled us then,) began to suspect him, and he was never safe from their vigilance.

"I could relate many a tale about him; my grandfather knew him well—but it's getting late, so I'll just tell you his end.

"Jacques Vilain was a cunning thief. He made it his business to travel through the country, stealing money, horses, and anything valuable that came in his way. Such was his skill in disguising himself, that he invariably escaped the clutches of the numerous parties out in pursuit of him.

"His favorite hiding-place was at Black Ridge. There was a tall rock standing alone, surrounded by a thick belt of forest trees. On three sides this rock was rugged and sloping; on the fourth, it was exactly perpendicular.

"In the fourth side, about fifteen feet from its summit and forty from its base, was a large hole or cave. Here Jacques Vilain kept his ill-gotten treasures, until a fitting opportunity came for disposing of them. When he was hotly pursued, and every other way of escape had failed, he took refuge here. This was his method: he always had a rope tied to a stump on top of the rock. The rope was coiled up, and concealed among the bushes. When his pursuers had followed him to his lair, and were close on his heels, he would seize this rope and leap with wonderful agility from the rock, swinging himself into the cave below."

"But," said I, thoughtlessly interrupting the narration, "had none of the officers of justice courage enough to follow him in the same way?"

"They weren't quite fools," returned Giles, "they had *some* sense. It was too risky. The knowledge that the cave was well-stocked with arms and ammunition of destruction would have deterred any one from trying the experiment. Suppose a man, more unused to gymnastics than Vilain, should miss swinging into the cave. The chance of hanging in the air exposed to the fire of Jacques Vilain's pistols, was not pleasant to contemplate.

"When Jacques stole a horse in one part of the country, it was his custom to sell it in another. One night, late in summer, he was returning to Black Ridge on foot, having disposed of two stolen animals, when a fearful storm arose.

"The thunder echoed among the mountains, and the lightning, leaping from cloud to cloud, made havoc among the tall pines that bordered his path.

"There was one thing that Jacques Vilain feared—it was lightning.

"In his way stood a hut belonging to an Indian who acted as guide to the surveying parties which, even at that early day, visited the wilderness. He was more civilized than many of his race, but the savage passions of his nature slumbered in his breast.

"Jacques Vilain saw the hut, and rushed towards it to escape the dazzling flashes of the electric fluid. The sight of them filled him with terror.

"The Indian received him kindly. When the two had taken liberal doses of fire-water, and the squaw and her child had gone to rest, the Indian told Jacques Vilain of a sum of money he had in his dwelling, for the surveyors paid him well. With a few more pulls at the brandy, the host and his guest turned in for the night, and one at least was soon wrapped in sleep.

"In the night the Indian awoke with a sharp pain in his side, and with the breath of fire fanning his face. A knife was sticking in his flesh, and the hut was in flames. Though faint from loss of blood, he managed to spring from the window. The fire burned fiercely, and his wife and child were in it!

"He made a frantic attempt to rescue them. The effort was too much for his exhausted strength; he fell fainting to the ground, and the fire burned on!

"When his senses returned, he found the hut a heap of smouldering ashes and charred wood—some blackened bones were all that remained of the squaw and child.

"He pulled the knife from his wound, and he recognized it as one he had seen in Jacques Vilain's belt. It told the tale; the Indian knew at once that his guest had done this horrid deed to obtain the money that was in the hut. He swore by the most solemn oath to wreak vengeance on the murderer.

"His wound was not deep; he soon recovered, and set out on Jacques Vilain's trail.

"Vilain had been more daring than usual; he had robbed the governor of a settlement in open daylight. Pursuers had tracked him to Black Ridge. They were close upon him.

"He runs up the rugged rock like a chamois. They follow. He is their prisoner; but no! He has bounded from the rock, to be dashed to pieces on the sharp points below, the horrified spectators think.

"But Vilain has not played his trick successfully this time. The rope has become wound several times around the stump. It has thus been shortened. He hangs just above the cave, but unable to reach it.

"While he is suspended in this manner 'twixt earth and sky, a dusky form appears on the ground below. It is the Indian whom he has wronged so fearfully. The savage smiles with fiendish delight as he sees Jacques Vilain's position.

"The summer's heat has dried the underbrush and foliage. The Indian sets the underbrush on fire. The trees catch; clouds of smoke and tongues of flame surround the rock.

"The men are driven from the summit by the fire-demon. The Indian stands in the burning forest, forgetting everything but the sufferings of his victim. Jacques Vilain sees beneath him the glittering tomahawk of his enemy, and though roasting to death, he still clings to the rope.

"His anguished groans are re-echoed by the howls of the Indian and the roar of the fire. At last the rope burns asunder, and Jacques Vilain falls dying to the earth. The Indian's death-song arises wildly above the hissing of the flames. In a moment he, too, is dead."

"Is this story really true?" I asked.

"I can't vouch for it," returned Giles, "but I have given it as it came to me."

DAHLIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

They were not romantic people as you might suppose—the Ashmores, Dahlia's parents. No, they were practical, unassuming, quiet country people; and you would be led to wonder how their youngest child came with her romantic name. And I will tell you. There had been six children before her. Three boys, John, Peter, and William. John was married, with a little brood about his knee. Peter had died in his early youth. William was studying law in a neighboring city. And there were three girls, Rachel, living in a distant state with her husband. Mary, wife of a country physician, and Patience, whose bridal robes were growing under her own nimble fingers, when the little stranger came to the household.

It was October, and the roses, petunias, phlox, and many other old-fashioned blossoms that had bloomed in the little garden through the summer were all dead. Only a few gorgeous dahlias were left, and they waved their purple, and crimson, and yellow heads all the brighter for the keen air and cutting winds.

"What shall I name my baby girl?" queried the mother, sitting one day by the window that looked out upon the garden. And then her eye wandered over the withered stalks and the one blooming flower, and she said, "I will call her Dahlia; for like that flower she comes to me when all the others are fled."

"Better call her Nancy Jane—something sensible like," the father laughed and said, but the mother answered only by stroking her baby's brown threads of hair, and whispering,

"My little Dahlia, my one last flower."

And so the name fell to her, softened to "Dallie" by the father, never by the mother.

Patience completed her bridal robes, and when Dahlia was two months old there was a quiet wedding in the old farm-house, and the parents were left alone with their wee baby. Need I tell you how they loved this child that had come to them in the autumn of their lives? How carefully she was reared, how tenderly cared for?

All this I have learned since, for I did not know her then. I saw her first when she was seventeen; in the first flush of her beautiful womanhood. I was a widow, living in the city some twenty miles from Seaville. Carl, my son, had recently come into possession of a farm of rich land near Seaville, and we went down to inspect the property. We found it a splendid possession, but needing culture and care.

"I'll tell you what, mother," Carl cried, his handsome face aglow, "I will find a boarding place here in Seaville, and I'll attend to this myself. It is just what I have been longing for, labor in the fresh air. I'll plough, and dig, and sow, and hoe, and—build a pretty summer resort for myself—and you know who, mother. Good-by ledger and counting-room and confinement! Hurrah for a summer in the country." And Carl laughed so loud that a plough-boy in a neighboring field stood stock still in sheer amazement. I lifted one of the soft, white hands that held the reins.

"And will you callous and brown these pretty hands with a farmer's work?" I said, a little regretfully I am ashamed to confess. But Carl was my *all*, and I was a little weak in regard to him.

He looked at me reproachfully. "You don't think I am ashamed to work, I hope? And I actually *am* ashamed of these hands. They would do very well on a girl, but I always wished I could do something to enlarge and color them a little. My joints all *ache* for want of use. How I wish Helen was here to get this view. She would enjoy it so much."

"Helen" was Miss Leroy, Carl's affianced. A very pretty, stylish city girl whom Carl adored with all the ardor of his nature. Just now I did not reply to his remark, for I was quite sure Miss Helen was enjoying her afternoon *nap* much better than she would the view. To have said so would have dispelled Carl's pleasant illusion, and then mothers invariably have peculiar ideas concerning a son's betrothed.

"And now for a boarding place," Carl said. So we besieged the first farm-house we came upon for "board for a young gentleman." But the house was small and the family large, and they could not possibly accommodate him. "Do you know of any person who can?" Carl queried.

"Not unless it is Mr. Ashmore—next house below," and thither we went.

A beautiful young girl, dark eyed, silken-tressed, soft voiced met us at the door. It was Dahlia. Never shall I forget her as she looked that day. She was attired in a dark print, her luxuriant hair loosely wound round a comb; her dark eyes glowing, and her cheeks flushed with exercise. For one moment the unexpected vision rendered me speechless, and Carl came to the rescue.

"Does Mr. Ashmore reside here?"

"He does," the sweet voice replied.

"Is he at liberty for a few moments?"

"Walk in and I will speak to him."

We were ushered into the tidy kitchen and in a few moments farmer Ashmore appeared. Our business was made known, and after a consultation with "mother," a faded, cheerful looking old lady, much too old, it seemed to us, to be sweet Dahlia's mother, terms were agreed upon, and Carl here found a boarding place. We stopped with the Ashmores over night, returning to town the following day.

Every moment spent in the presence of Dahlia I discovered new graces and new virtues. She was indeed as fair and sweet a creature as I ever looked upon. How she brightened the old house with her graceful presence, how like a sunbeam she moved about in her routine of homely duties.

"Oh Carl," I said laughingly as we rolled homeward, "I fear for your heart, if you spend the summer near that beautiful creature!"

Carl looked at me in reproach. "My heart is so fully occupied with the queen of girls, that no new face can ever creep in," he answered gravely enough. How I wished he were "fancy free," for I already loved this girl as I could never love Helen Leroy. But of course I did not express this sentiment to him.

Carl arranged his business in the city, and in just one week was back in the country. He came home but three times that summer, but he wrote us long, glowing letters of his new life. I missed him terribly; but Miss Helen seemed to bear his absence bravely, and she did flirt with the men who followed at her heels in a most unbecoming manner for an engaged woman. I could not refrain, meddlesome as it was, from writing as much to Carl. But his answer silenced me.

"I should be sorry to think that Helen was denying herself pleasures and pastimes that her youth and vivacity entitle her to. I am glad to know she enjoys herself, and I have the utmost faith in her truth and constancy."

I said no more, even when one evening in passing the Leroy place, I saw Tom Villers, the greatest flirt in town, put his arm around her waist, and kiss her beneath the maples.

"Pleasures and pastimes" I repeated to myself; "kissing Tom Villers in the garden, and riding out with some beau three days in a week!

But if Carl was satisfied, I ought to be.

Carl came home for good the last of September. I questioned him about Dahlia.

"Yes, she is very sweet and amiable, at least I always see her so. But I have been so busy all summer, that I have had no time to think of anything but work, and my spare moments I have given to you and Helen."

I smiled, but remained discreetly silent.

Carl was brown and red cheeked and handsomer than ever. He devoted himself to his betrothed, and her admirers were driven from the field.

They were to be married the following autumn, so Carl told me.

"I shall go down to Seaville next summers to superintend the building of my house, and farm it a little. Of course I shall settle in business here as soon as we are married, and only go to Seaville a while in the summer."

"How I would like to go down to the Ashmores!" I said in midwinter to Carl.

"Then you shall go," he said. "I have a little business there myself."

So we went. I found Dahlia, my beautiful pet Dahlia, as lovely as ever; but somehow changed. Something had gone from her, and something had come to her. What was it?

"Carl," I said, when I found myself alone with him, do the Ashmores know of your engagement?"

"Well really," Carl replied languidly, "I do not know. I never have informed them of it, because they never asked me. But doubtlessly they have heard of it. Why?"

I did not answer, for my heart was full of a terrible fear.

"That evening as I sat with Mrs. Ashmore and Dahlia, I spoke of the building that Carl proposed erecting the following summer.

"Will he occupy it himself or lease it?" Mrs. Ashmore asked, and oh, "how my heart ached while I answered."

"He is to be married next autumn, and will make his home in the city; but intends passing the summer months in Seaville, I believe."

I raised my eyes as soon as I dared, to Dahlia's flower-like face. And then I knew, what I had already surmised; that she had given her heart, unasked, to Carl. Knew the secret that even her parents did not suspect.

She rose a moment after, and left the room. Oh, how I longed to go and comfort her; the fair young creature, who was having her first lesson of grief.

We went home the next day—and I said no word to Carl of what I knew. It would do no possible good—and I did not want his heart to ache, as mine did. "Oh if he could only love her!" I thought. "Helen Leroy would be just as happy with some equally handsome man, and I could love my Dahlia so much better."

Carl went down occasionally, during the next summer, to superintend his building, but his business in the city claimed much of his attention. His trips were frequent, but of short duration.

Only once, did I ask for Dahlia. "She is failing in health, and looks like a shadow," he answered; and I had not the heart to say more.

The wedding was arranged to come off upon Christmas. In October I received a note from Mrs. Ashmore.

"My daughter is not expected to live," it ran, "and she wants to see you before she dies. Come soon."

I showed it to Carl. And in half an hour we were upon the road.

What a poor, worn, pitiful little face I found upon the pillow. She burst into passionate weeping when I drew her face to my bosom.

"Oh," she cried, "I could not die until I had seen you again. I wanted to tell you all about my foolish, weak, heart."

"Yes," I said, "tell me about it—it will help you."

And then she told me.

"Do not for one moment think he ever gave me any *reason* to love him. He never even touched my hand unless by accident—never spoke one word, that the world might not hear. But he was so noble, so handsome, so cultured; so different from the men I knew; so like my dreams, that I could not help loving him. I never thought he would love me—never expected it; yet when you spoke of his approaching marriage, I thought the whole world had become a blank. As the time draws near, my heart's pain grows sharper; and I am so glad when I think of death and the grave."

"Hush," I cried, my eyes full of tears, "you must not talk so—it is wicked. You must not give way to this morbid grief." And then holding her poor, thin hands, I talked to her for many moments, and impressed upon her the weakness of yielding to her grief.

"I will try and get well," she said, at last. And then I left her.

Half an hour later, her mother called me, in alarm. Dahlia was in a burning fever, and delirious. We all gathered at her bedside save her father, who was not present.

She fastened her glistening eyes upon Carl's face.

"Kiss me—kiss me just once;" she cried over and over again.

"She thinks you are her father, Carl," I said, inwardly asking pardon for my untruth, "and do as she asks you. It will quiet her."

He leaned over the bed and kissed her on her hot lips. Five minutes afterward she was sleeping; but the fever was raging fiercely in her frail system. And for many days her life hung by a thread. But she lived.

I stayed by her until she was safely on the shores of this life again, and then I returned to my home.

Carl was married at the appointed time, and deemed himself the most fortunate of men. His bride looked very handsome in her stylish trousseau; but I wondered what she and Carl would think, if they knew that my heart was saying over and over, "If it only could have been Dahlia." I never let them know it; and Helen regards me with much affection.

Dahlia lived—but she is still single. She comes to my home sometimes; and she has learned to meet Carl's wife with perfect composure. They have never suspected her secret.

"Dahlia," I said to her once, "you are so beautiful, so amiable, so domestic, it is a shame that you do not grace some man's home. Are you never intending to marry?"

She shook her head.

"I cannot love again—and marriage without love, seems sinful to me. No other lips shall ever kiss the lips that *he* kissed. It may be weak, but it is my nature. I am happier than I possibly *could* be as any man's wife now."

I believed her. She has one of those strangely constant, unchangeable natures that are so rare, thank Heaven! for they are born to suffer.

And to think that Carl should love and cling to that flirt of a *Helen*, when this great heart might have been his. But I must not forget that she is my daughter, and her children are my grandchildren. If it was only Dahlia! How strangely Fate arranges things in this strange world. But I suppose it is all for the best; at least, I do not complain much. Yet Dahlia—but there, I am in my dotage.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY WIFE AND I; OR, HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Pink and White Tyranny," etc. This interesting novel, which first appeared in the "Christian Union," is now published in book form. Mrs. Stowe's individual ideas upon the *Woman Question*, including marriage, divorce, suffrage, legislation, etc., are herein presented. Published by J. B. Ford & Co., 39 Park Row, New York City; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

MORTON HOUSE. A Novel. By the author of "Valerie Aylmer." This is a work of decided power. It is a story of the South thirty years ago; and the scene is laid entirely in that region. The young authoress, who is a native of North Carolina, has a promising career before her. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

POEMS. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. This beautiful edition contains several of the author's poems which have not appeared in any previous collection. The volume also contains a fine portrait of the poet, and is filled with illustrations, designed by the best artists both American and foreign. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

A COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE GALLATIANS. By MARTIN LUTHER. To which is prefixed Fischer's Life of Luther; Abridged: A short Sketch of the Life of Zuingle; as also, A Discourse on the Glorious Reformation, by S. S. Schmucker, D. D. Published by the Quaker City Publishing House, Nos. 217 and 219 Quince St., Philadelphia.

HILA DARE: A BORN ROMP. By MARY E. MUMFORD. Published by William B. Evans, 740 Sansom St., Philada.; and for sale by all booksellers.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. For October, 1871. American Edition. Contains "Dr. Carl Ullman," "Wesley and Wesleyanism," "Aërial Voyages," "Contemporary Literature," etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP AND AMERICAN NOTES. By CHARLES DICKENS. Handy Volume Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE RED-SHANTY BOYS; OR, PICTURES OF NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL LIFE THIRTY YEARS AGO. By PARK LUDLOW, A. M. Published by Henry A. Young & Co., Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

OLIVETTE; OR, THE SECRET OF THREE GENERATIONS. From the French of Alexandre De Pontmartni. By KATE C. BARTON. Published by J. M. Stoddart & Co, 734 Sansom St., Philada.

MONSIEUR ANTOINE. By GEORGE SAND. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M. D. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philada.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. For October. "Morton House" is fine. The engravings are as usual of the first class, some of the best being those from French paintings. The Paper on Lake George is interesting. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. For October. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

VEGETABLE POETRY.

Onion garden bed reclining,
Beats a youth his aching head!
Cauliflowers! Lo, weeds confront me!
Lettuce hence, he sadly said.

Carrots cut the strongest manhood,
Peas my wearied soul doth need;
Bean O! strife for me hereafter,
Else my heart will go to seed!

AMERICANS AND AMERICAN FASHIONS IN LONDON.

Americans are at a premium everywhere abroad just now, and in London more than anywhere else: American soda-water, American tramways, hotels "on the American principle," American wares, and wares recommended to American purchasers, are advertised on all sides; on the Fourth of July a "grand American fete" was held at Cremorne Gardens, with a special illumination, and the announcement that "all the Americans in London would be present;" in society, American girls are decidedly "the fashion." There is material in this for a very serious article to be addressed to my country-folk, but this is not my present intention. Whatever there is to be said on that subject, their beauty and charms are securing them a triumph which they are not called upon to forego. Yet, like all triumphs, it is over enemies. The universal sentiment in London society regarding a stranger is the memorable one recorded by Punch during some agrarian or mining troubles in the Midland counties: "There's a stranger: 'eave 'arf a brick at him." People who lack the charity which begins at home, whose whole social existence is a struggle to maintain his or her own place against all comers, be they nephews, cousins, nieces, brothers, or sisters, cannot abound in any larger charity. The order of the day is selfishness, not in its most refined, but in its coarsest forms; the watchwords are, "*Chacun pour soi*," and "The d—— take the hindmost."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

PITIABLE.

A NUMBER OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS DIE OF STARVATION.

A well-known "bird fancier's" establishment is in the vicinity of Twelfth and Coates streets, and in addition to birds of different kinds a large number of domestic animals of different kinds were kept for sale there. It was noticed for several days past the place was closed, and on Saturday morning, a policeman passing by, heard a dog feebly howling within. Thinking something might be wrong, the officer effected a forcible entrance into the store, and a lamentable sight was presented. A large number of pigeons, canary birds, terrier dogs, rabbits, Guinea pigs and other animals, were either dead or in a dying condition, for want of food and water. It was discovered that its proprietor had been on a spree for three or four days, during which time his place had been closed, and received no attention whatever. Food and water was at once furnished to such of the animals as could take it, but at least three-fourths of the stock are victims of starvation.

☞ STOPPED ON THE WAY.—A mistress, who had sent her servant-maid to chapel, had reason to fear that instead of going all the way there, she had stopped with the *chap*.

☞ A Metz maiden who refused a Prussian's offer of marriage, received ten proposals the next day from some of the richest young men in the city.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ There is a boy in Salem so bright that his mother has to look at him through a piece of smoked glass.

☞ A sure way to stop a woman's mouth—Kiss it.

☞ Cool proceeding—An ice man eloping with a nice girl.

☞ If a bricklayer were called a brick, he need not feel mortar-fied.

☞ The best 'Bus—Kissing a pretty girl.

☞ Best Re-bus—Kissing her a second time.

☞ A terrible Blunderbuss—Kissing the wrong girl.

☞ A New Orleans criminal, on being sentenced to be hanged, burst into a violent fit of laughter. Our German friend says he must be thinking of a "good choke."

☞ An editor in Georgia announces that he will publish "original" poetry at the rate of $9 per line.

☞ A Chicagoan was in a barber's shop in New York city, and after being shaved, the barber suggested that perhaps he would like to have his hair cut. "Thank you," said the man from Chicago; "it is long, but I never have my hair cut when I am in the country."

☞ The "proud cathartic state" is what her loving sons call the Commonwealth of Kansas. It all comes from the cultivation of castor beans.

☞ The greenest of green grocers is he who trusts the most.

☞ The citizens of Griffin, Ga., are in a peck of trouble because they only get a dozen potatoes in a bushel.

☞ A Rutland, Vt., railroad employee, on being nudged with a contribution-box while asleep in a church, the other day, woke up enough to remark "I work on this road," and returned to his nap.

☞ While a woman with a sick child in her arms was being tried in an English police court, the child died.

☞ The best place for the blind—The *sea*side.

☞ A Swell Among Flowers—A dandelion.

☞ Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

☞ An Oshkosh hackman, the other evening, drove a young lady to the wrong house. The mistake was not discovered until after she had cordially kissed a young gentleman who had come down to the gate to meet the new arrival.

☞ A Missouri husband whose wife has applied for a divorce, writes a protest to the judge, in which he says—"This plagued thing called devoce, has, in my opinion, parted many a man and his wife."

☞ A correspondent describes Vinnie Ream in her studio "with arms bare to the shoulders, and her ankles likewise;" which is certainly an airy costume for this weather.

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still:
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.
—*Joaquin Miller.*

☞ The "Heathen Chinee" of San Francisco contributed $1200 in aid of Chicago during the first day the subscription was opened.

☞ Wilton, Saratoga County, New York, is devastated by a squash vine three hundred feet long, and still growing. The terrified population are preparing to move out of the way of this vegetable tidal-wave.

☞ Out West, candidates have a way of declaring that they will play seven-up on one another's coffin *before* the campaign is over.

☞ In writing a hymn, don't be too particular about the matter you use—it's hymn material.

☞ A doctor's motto is supposed to be "Patients and long suffering."

☞ It is a mistake to suppose that the sun is supported in the heavens by its beams.

☞ A good instance of "sharp practice" is that of a man in Ohio, who was acquitted of murder on a plea of insanity. He had secured his lawyers by giving them a mortgage on his farm, but now repudiates the mortgage on the ground that he was insane when he made it, according to the showing of these same lawyers.

☞ The Chicago Evening Post says: "If you cannot wheel tricks, and to beg at the relief headquarters you are ashamed, steal a lot of chimney ornaments, put them in the stove, bake to a brown, and sell them as relics. If that won't do, get up a lecture."

☞ A music dealer in an Eastern town announces in his window a sentimental song: "Thou Hast Loved Me and Left Me, for Twenty-five cents."

☞ A woman is in jail at Newport for not paying her dog tax.

☞ One of the most horrible cases of glanders in a human being ever heard of, occurred in the neighborhood of Waverton, Mass., a week or two since. A man while attending to a horse got some of the virus from the nose or mouth of a glandered horse into a cut upon one of the thumbs, and a short time thereafter was taken with frightful spasm, succeeded by fearful sickness and prostration. Medical assistance was obtained, and although every reasonable attention was given the man (notwithstanding the report that he was deserted by his neighbors,) he died in a most horrible manner some six or seven days afterwards. His body became a mass of ulcers, and at the time of dissolution the flesh literally fell in pieces from the bones. This is one of the most dreadful cases on record.

☞ A little boy, after watching the burning of the school-house until the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down the street saying: "I'm glad the old thing's burned down; I didn't have my jogfry lesson no how!"

☞ One editor in Georgia asks another "whether he can bite the bottom of a frying-pan out without smutting his nose."

☞ "Indeed, you are very handsome," said a gentleman to his lady-love. "Phoo! phoo!" said she, "so you would say if you did not think so. "And so you'd think," he answered, "if I did not say so."

☞ Isabella, late of Spain, plays charmingly on the accordeon.

☞ He has been seen! Yes, and in Philadelphia, too! He neither chuckled nor grinned; no, nor did his countenance change; but he asked, and quite naturally too, when told by a Western gentleman of the great fires in Michigan, "Was the fire this year?"

☞ Gray hair was $35 an ounce at last quotations.

☞ Sir Walter Scott, in one of his novels, gives expression to the height of a Highlander's happiness—twenty-four bagpipe players in a small room, all playing, at the same time, different tunes!

☞ Gold bracelets, to be stylish, should be three inches wide.

☞ "Mar, why don't you speak?" asked little Jake. "Why don't you say suthin' funny?" "What can I say? Don't you see I'm busy frying doughnuts? Say suthin' funny, indeed!" "Wal, yer might say, 'Jake, won't yer hev a cake?' That 'ud be funny for you."

☞ Ten minutes after being introduced, a New Albany, Indiana, couple became engaged.

☞ A cow, it now seems decided upon, caused the Chicago fire. It is hard to consider it a kind deed, however.

☞ A Western paper accuses a cotemporary of "dirty meanness," and remarks: "We want him to understand that two can play at that game."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Oct. 30.—UTAH.—At Salt Lake City, on Saturday, Daniel H. Wells, Mayor of the city, Hosa Stout, formerly General of the Territory, and Wm. Beldon, were arrested by the "U. S. Marshal upon an indictment for [illegible] taken to Camp Douglas. A [illegible]d for Orson Hyde, one of [illegible]

"Bill" Hickman, formerly a secret agent of the Mormon authorities, who states that during the rebellion of 1857 he killed Richard Yates, suspected by the Mormons of being a spy. The murder, it is alleged, was committed at the instigation of the Mormon leaders named above. Hickman, who is now confined at Camp Douglas, assisted the officers in disinterring the remains of Yates from their grave in Echo Canon. In the U. S. Court, on Saturday, Chief Justice McKean sentenced Hawkins, the polygamist, to a fine of $500 and imprisonment at hard labor for three years. Notice of appeal to the Supreme Court was given by the prisoner's counsel.

The President has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 30th, as National Thanksgiving Day. The Governor of Massachusetts has appointed the same day for thanksgiving in his state.

At Los Angeles, Cal., eight men who took part in the late Chinese riot have been arrested. One of them stole a diamond ring from the finger of a hanged Chinaman, and another robbed the trunk of one of the victims. The citizens are forming a military company to prevent a recurrence of such riots.

Oct. 31.—Governor Bullock, of Georgia, resigned his office on the 23d inst., the resignation to take effect yesterday, and Benjamin Confri, President of the State of Georgia, was installed Governor in his place yesterday afternoon. The resignation was written before Bullock's visit to New York. Great excitement is reported in Atlanta.

H. R. Helper writes from Buenos Ayres, on August 28th, that small pox was "frightfully prevalent," and that during the summer 26,000 persons died of yellow fever in Buenos Ayres, and 30,000 in the province of Corrientes.

It is stated by an Ottawa correspondent that the Dominion Government will not demand restitution of the schooner Horton, because she has not been condemned by the courts. The argument seems to be that, as the vessel has been taken by the owners out of the jurisdiction of the Dominion Courts, there is no case.

Nov. 2.—Governor Hoffman has changed New York's Thanksgiving Day to November 30th, to conform to that appointed by the President.

At Lockport, N. Y., the trial of Erastus P. Pierce charged with the murder of William Bullock, in March last, resulted in a verdict of "not guilty. Bullock was killed by Pierce in revenge for the betrayal of the latter's sister. The verdict was received with applause in the court room.

The order making changes in the military divisions was issued yesterday. It transfers the state of North Carolina from the Department of the East to the Department of the South; adds the Indian Territory north of Texas and south of Kansas to the Department of Texas; merges the Department of the Platte in that of the Missouri, and constitutes the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and the Gulf ports, as far as Fort Jefferson and Key West, a new command, called the Department of the Gulf. Colonel Wm. H. Emory, of the Fifth Cavalry, is appointed to command the new Department of the Gulf; Brigadier General Augur is to command the Department of Texas, superseding Colonel J. J. Reynolds, and Colonel Reynolds is to proceed to Fort McPherson, Nebraska, to await the arrival of his regiment. The Fifth Cavalry are ordered to Arizona, and the Third Cavalry, now in Arizona, to Fort McPherson.

Nov. 3.—"A gentleman from Utah," who has arrived in Washington, reports the Mormons ready to fight, should Brigham Young be imprisoned. He says they are buying old muskets from the Government and converting them. Some of the Mormons talk of going to Mexico, and say the Mexican authorities have invited them there.

At Sacramento, on Wednesday, the District Court rendered a decision against the Central Pacific Railroad and in favor of a passenger, who offered greenbacks instead of coin to pay his fare, and was put off the train.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—At a recent Cabinet council, held to consider questions relating to the royal family, the Queen was asked to give her consent to the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to a Russian princess; and also to consent to the establishment of a regency with the Prince of Wales as regent. She refused assent to either proposition, and subsequently refused to affix the royal signature to the public documents which were presented to her.

The Cabinet afterwards continued the discussion of the question of a regency, and a definite proposition was introduced to appoint a chancellor to sign documents in place of the Queen.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—The discussion of the question of international copyright continues, authors and publishers participating. Miss Braddon renews here her complaint, already published in New York, against papers in that city for printing as "her latest and best work" "a parcel of rubbish she never saw." She appeals to justice, and warns the public against such impostures.

BASE BALL NEWS.

ATHLETIC VS. WHITE STOCKINGS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—The deciding game for the base ball championship between the Athletics, of Philadelphia, and the White Stockings, of Chicago, was played here today. It was won by the Athletics by a score of 4 to 1. This gives the Athletics the base ball championship of the United States.

A CURIOUS story of a female duel is going the rounds of the papers, to the following effect:—"A Russian tourist in the Caucasus foolishly flirted with two ladies, each of whom thought herself the sole favorite. On discovering the truth, one of the ladies sent a formal challenge to the other. The challenge was accepted, and they met. One of the combatants having accidentally discharged her pistol, the ball went through the dress of her opponent, who at once fell down in a swoon. The other, fearing that the fallen woman was killed, rushed to the rescue, and helped to restore her to consciousness. The revived woman, as soon as she had recovered her senses, seized the other by the hair, and boxed her ears. This changed the form of combat, and locks of hair, bits of lace, and shreds of clothing, strewed the field. Happily the police appeared on the scene, and put an end to the fray.

☞ Affaire du cœur—A dog fight.

My Grandmother's Heroism.

"It was a terrible time, I really thought I never should have survived it. Yet I did, and though I laugh at it now, it made me tremble then.

"I was but a girl; my father was in business in Beaver street. He was a furrier, and his private residence was in Beaver street. Of course his family lived there too, and on a summer evening we occasionally walked as far as Beekman street, beyond which point was the open country.

"At this time, Alvina Van Deusen was my only friend and companion. We had been schoolmates, and a more than ordinary friendship had sprung up between us. Neither of us was happy unless in the other's company. She was the only daughter of a widower, who, like my father, was in the fur trade, and who frequently made excursions westward in order to traffic with the hunters who had been fortunate enough to obtain a good supply of skins.

"One day—my father had also gone on a trading expedition—I received a note from Alvina (the man-servant bringing it on horseback), requesting me to visit Richmond Hill and spend the day and night with her, as she felt lonesome.

"Nothing loth, I consented, and set off in high glee, to have, as I thought, a pleasant time with my friend.

"Arriving at the house, after a somewhat tedious journey, Alvina ran to the porch to meet me, and almost overwhelmed me with kisses. I need not tell you I returned her salutation heartily. Leading the way into her chamber, she bade me disrobe myself, as lunch was waiting. This I quickly did, and, hand-in-hand, like school-girls—indeed we were not much else—we meandered toward the breakfast-room, where a plain repast was waiting.

"Ah! I was a wild girl in those days. So, as soon as luncheon was finished, nothing would suit me but a romp in the fields. To this Alvina readily consented, so, with nothing on our heads but our pocket-handkerchiefs, we sauntered out and amused ourselves with plucking the wild flowers that grew along the hedges, and forming them into a bouquet.

"We were cheerful and happy as birds. Nature was in her most lovely mood, and the whole scene filled one with contentment. At the end of a lane leading directly from the house was a stile, which, so to speak, shut in the Van Deusen property from the open country beyond. Both Alvina and myself were in high spirits, and as we neared the stile were singing at the top of our voices one of the popular ballads of the day.

"In the exuberance of my spirits, I darted away from Alvina, and laughingly bade her catch me if she could. She accepted the challenge, and followed rapidly in pursuit. Arriving at the stile, I sprang lightly over it, almost alighting on the body of a strong, burly, villainous looking man, who rose hastily to his feet, and with a savage scowl walked rapidly away.

"This made my heart beat violently, and there was an ill-defined something that frightened me, so much so that when Alvina laughingly threw her arms around my waist, saying she had caught me, I made the excuse that I was not well, and begged to return to the house immediately.

"Any whim of mine was sure to be speedily gratified, so without a word Alvina turned around, and we retraced our steps slowly toward the house, but not with that buoyancy of spirit with which we had left it.

"The rest of the day was spent within doors. Alvina showed me her newest dresses, tried them on for me, and in short, we enjoyed ourselves hugely. After a time we became wearied of this, so we roamed around the house, examining various articles of interest. When we were in the library, Alvina lowered her voice, and, pointing to Hume and Smollett's History of England, that in several volumes lined one of the shelves, told me that in those books there were nine thousand dollars concealed.

"I gave a little start of surprise.

"It had been paid to her father the very day he went away; not having time to carry it down-town to the bank, he hid it away in the books, thinking it would be perfectly safe till his return.

"Just as she was telling me this, a knock came at the door; one of the servants entered, and requested permission for herself and the rest of the domestics to visit Stuyvesant's farm, on the east side of the island, in order to be present at the marriage of her sister.

"Alvina hesitated. Seeing a shade of disappointment cross the girl's face, I quickly said we could spare them, and in their absence, we could have a nice cosey evening all to ourselves. Reluctantly the consent was given, and the girl departed with many a courtesy and thank you.

"We partook of an early tea, and to while away the evening, sat down to a game of backgammon. As we did so we heard the sound of carriage wheels rapidly approaching; listening attentively, we soon heard it enter the avenue leading to the house, and in a few seconds, stop before the door.

"This, it must be confessed, somewhat alarmed us, but, summoning up courage, we clasped hands, and went together to answer the knock at the door. It was only the coachman of the Dusenburys, who lived on the Boston Road, with the message, that Miss Dusenbury had been thrown from her horse and severely injured, and requesting Alvina's presence at her bedside.

"To refuse was out of the question, so with many apologies and kisses, she started, leaving me in the old house alone. It was very dull and lonely. I tried to read, but could not, so in sheer weariness, I stretched myself upon the sofa to think. Every sound came to me with painful distinctness, the mournful whistling of the wind through the trees filled me with an indescribable terror, and I lay with palpitating heart, scarcely daring to breathe.

"I must have fallen asleep, for I know I experienced the sensational oppression of a nightmare, and awoke with a start, to see the tall, burly figure of a man bending over me. He had a black mask upon his face, and a pistol in his hand. I tried to scream, but could not; my tongue refused its office. I could only gaze upon the ruffian in mute and terrible surprise.

"'Now, missie,' said the man, roughly, 'you want to scream, that's what you want to do, but it's of no use. There's no one within hearing, and if there was, it may be you had better not, and he glanced ominously at his pistol.

"'What, what do you want?' I faltered.

"'Not much. Only the swag. So come, get up, my lady-bird, and tell me where it is kept.'

"Tremblingly I obeyed. There was a certain something in his look that made me afraid to refuse. Producing a sack from one of the capacious pockets of his coat, he stowed away in it all the silver-ware the pantry contained, and tied the mouth of the sack up with a stout cord.

"Thank heavens! I thought, he will now depart; but I was mistaken, for he asked where the money was.

"'Money? What money?' I tremulously inquired.

"'Come, now, none of your nonsense. You know what money I mean well enough. The money old Van Deusen received the other day, just before he left on his journey.'

"It was evident he was well advised upon the matter, but I still protested that I knew nothing whatever of any money being in the house. This availed me not, for with a savage oath he cocked his pistol, and swore he would blow out my brains, unless I instantly showed him where the money was concealed.

"Fearful of violence, I led him to the library, and pointed out the volumes in which were the nine thousand dollars. With a cry of brutal glee, he ran to the shelf, took a book down, and commenced to hurriedly turn the leaves. The pistol he still held in his hand, but the weapon somewhat impeded his rapid search, so he laid it on a table by his side. How I did it, I know not, for I always was a timid girl, but in an instant, I had seized it, and, pointing it toward him, threatened to shoot him dead if he moved a step.

"Baffled, he made a motion as if to spring upon me, but there must have been a fire in my eye that stopped him. Giving a little laugh, he tried to parley with me, and endeavored to coax me to let him go, but I would not listen to a word, and peremptorily ordered him to silence.

"How long the minutes seemed—each one an hour. Still, I kept the pistol levelled at his breast, and listened anxiously for the return of the servants. The burglar begged and prayed for me to let him go, but I was adamant. He implored me for the sake of his wife and children, but to all entreaties I turned a deaf ear. Yet, not for a moment taking my eye or pistol off him. At last I heard the merry laughter of the returning servants, and my pulse and heart beat quicker. He heard it too, and again implored me to let him go.

"I shook my head.

"Finally, the domestics entered the house; on my calling for assistance, the gardener and coachman ran toward the library, and as they burst into the room, I fell fainting to the floor."

The burglar was secured, tried, and sentenced to the State Prison for twenty-one years.

"And this diamond ring," said my grandmother, proudly holding out her finger, "was given to me by Mr. Van Deusen, for what he was pleased to term my heroism."

FATAL FOLLY.

The Chillicothe (Ohio) Gazette says:—On last Friday evening, about five o'clock, a daughter of Mr. John Milner, who resides about two miles southwest of Greenfield, accidentally shot her sister with a weapon known as a pocket rifle. The particulars of this sad affair, as we learn them, are as follows: The gun had been loaded by a son of Mr. Milner, and not using it, he laid it on the mantle in the parlor. The two daughters and a young lady in the neighborhood went in to arrange the parlor for singing meeting in the evening, when one of the sisters took the gun off the mantlepiece, and playfully remarked that she would shoot the first one that came in the room, not knowing the gun was loaded. As she spoke her sister appeared at the door from the hall, when she pointed the firearm at her, pulling back the hammer, when it prematurely discharged, sending the ball into the lower part of the abdomen, where the physicians were not able to find it. After lingering in great agony through the night, the young lady died about six o'clock on Saturday morning. Her sister, we learn, is almost frantic with grief. The deceased was a bright, sprightly and intelligent young lady, much esteemed, and her death has cast a terrible gloom over all the surrounding community.

☞ The recently elected coroner of the County of Bucks, England, has a most appropriate name, but he spells it De'Ath.

Died, on October 30, at Tom's River, N. J., Eliza L., wife of Daniel B. Gowdy. Mrs. Gowdy was one of our oldest subscribers, having taken THE POST over 30 years.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Sales of 7000 bbls, at prices ranging from $5,85@6,75 for superfine, $6@6,50 for extra, $6,50@8 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family, $7@8,25 for n. w. family, $7@7,75 for Indiana family, and $8@9 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $5 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—Sales of 40,000 bus at $1,55@1,60 for Penna red; $1,57@1,60 for Western red; $1,61@1,63 for amber, and $1,62½@1,65 ₩ bus for white. Rye—Sales at 97@98c ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 80,000 bus at 75@77c for yellow; 71@75c for Western mixed; 77@80c for white, and 60@65c for new. Oats—Sales of 90,000 bus at 42@45c for white, and 40@43c for mixed. Barley—3000 bus of Canada at $1,05@1,10 ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $14,50. Beef Hams command $23@24. Dried Beef at 18@20c. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 14@15c; Excelsior Hams at 16c; ribbed sides at 8c, and end shoulders at 7½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 10@11½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 6½c. Lard—Sales at 9½@9¾c for Western steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of New York factory at 13@14c. Butter—Bradford county fresh pails 28@32c; New York state fresh pails and tubs 28@32c; do do Welsh tubs, fresh, 25@28c; Ohio and Western fresh tubs, choice, 24@25c; pale yellow baking butter 9@12c; Pennsylvania roll 15@17c. Eggs—Sales of Pennsylvania and Delaware at 32@34c.

COTTON—Sales of 500 bales at 18½c for middling upland, and 19½c for New Orleans.

BARK—45 hhds of No. 1 Quercitron sold at $33, and 15 hhds at $32,50 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX sells at 30@33c ₩ lb for Yellow.

FRUIT—Green Apples are worth $4@4,50 and Cranberries $8@11 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs., $1,60@1,70; mixed $1,40@1,50; Straw $1,20@1,25.

HOPS—Sales of new at 40@70 ₩ lb.

IRON—Sales of 500 tons No. 1 at $37@38; 200 tons No. 2 at $36. Bar Iron is quoted at $4@5@5½, and Nails at $4,50 ₩ keg. We quote Scotch Pig at $36@37 ₩ ton.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay $1,60@1,70 ₩ 100 lbs; mixed $1,40@1,50 do; Straw $1,20@1,25.

SEEDS—New Cloverseed sells at 10@10½c, and old at 9¼c. Timothy may be quoted at $4,50@5,05; and Flaxseed at $1,90.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head, and sold at 6½@7c. 200 Cows brought $35@45 ₩ head. Sheep—5,000 head were disposed of at 5@5½c. ₩ lb. 4230 Hogs sold at 6@6½c. ₩ lb.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good Commission allowed. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of Advertisements should send to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

for a Circular, or inclose 25 cents for their One Hundred Page Pamphlet, containing Lists of 3,000 Newspapers and estimates, showing the cost of advertising, also many useful hints to advertisers, and some account of the experiences of men who are known as Successful Advertisers. This firm are proprietors of the American Newspaper Advertising Agency,

41 Park Row, N. Y.,

and are possessed of unequalled facilities for securing the insertion of advertisements in all Newspapers and Periodicals at lowest rates. no11-13t

CURLS—CURLS.—One application of my HAIR CURLER will Curl the straightest hair into beautiful Curls, and last six months in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail post-paid for 50 cents a package. Address JAGGERS & CO., Box 2743, St. Louis, Mo. no11-4t

VENTRILOQUISM.—Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism and perform 200 wonderful and strange tricks, by a few hours' practice. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 25 cents. Address JAGGERS & CO., Box 2743, St. Louis, Mo. no11-4t

WHISKEY, CHEAP—New process, mailed for ten cents. Address BIRD, Post Deposit, Maryland. no11-2t

HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD SITUATIONS.

The surest way to obtain a good situation is to become well qualified. The education gained at school is excellent, as far as it goes, but a young man needs something more to make his services valuable in business life. He should have a knowledge of the customs and usages of business, and the forms, nature and uses of business papers; also, of the principles and best methods of keeping books, the short and rapid methods of calculation used in mercantile houses, and be able to write a free, rapid and beautiful hand. These and other branches are taught thoroughly at

CRITTENDEN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

1131 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

the longest established Commercial College in the City. The qualifications gained here have proved a fortune to hundreds of young men. The practical value of its course of instruction has been tested by long experience.

In the number of its students, and in applications received from business houses for its graduates to fill vacant situations it is unequalled.

YOUNG MEN

out of employment,

YOUNG MEN

about commencing business for themselves,

YOUNG MEN OR ADULTS

who wish to improve their present position will find the advantages of this institution of the highest order.

Students received at any time. Diplomas awarded on graduation.

Circulars and information sent free, by the Principal of the College. no11-2t

CURLS! One Package of PROF. LEO MAGIC COMPOUND will instantly Curl the straightest hair of either sex (without injury) into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive Curls, in every case, or money refunded. 25 cts. per package, post paid, or 3 for 50 cts. E. HOLBROOK, Uxbridge Mass. oct28-4t

GROVER & BAKER'S IMPROVED

Elastic Stitch and Shuttle Stitch

SEWING MACHINES

THE VERY BEST IN USE.

495 BROADWAY, New York.
730 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia. oct28-13t

LOOK!—One package of PROF. HILL'S MAGIC COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, post paid; three for 50 cents. Address H. BYRON & CO., Garrettsville, Ohio. oct28-6t

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by Ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. In removing Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, Moth Patches, etc., its effects are almost magical. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations, this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility.

Prepared by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond St., New York; to be had Wholesale and Retail of EVANS, 41 S. Eighth St.; JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 609 Arch St., and leading Druggists in Philadelphia; of TOMPSEN, LILY & CO., Baltimore, and Druggists generally. oct-1y

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

"DOMESTIC"

The whole world challenged to produce a Family Sewing Machine that will sew as light and as heavy; light running and easily operated.

The best machine for use, the easiest to sell, the most durable — will last a life-time.

Lock stitch, noiseless, attachments unequalled. A good business may be established in any city or town in the U. S. This machine has established its superiority in every instance where it has come in competition with any machine in the market. Men with capital are finding it to their advantage to make the sale of this machine their exclusive business. *Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.* Machines guaranteed as represented. Address "Domestic" Sewing Machine Company, 26 CHAMBERS Street, New York, or Toledo, Ohio, and 1315 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia. jan2-26cow

These German silver Rings will not rust, break, or spread apart, and are one of the strongest rings made; there is room for a name and address to be stamped or engraved on either side, they can be easily opened or locked by turning the washer. Money easily made with GEM OUTFIT, containing dies, &c., for stamping rings and checks; price only $12.00.

Sample Ring, 15 cents. Circulars Free. jy15-3m

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF and Sound, Refreshing Sleep guaranteed to any one afflicted with Asthma by using my "*Instant Relief for Asthma.*" *It acts instantly and completely, relieving the paroxysm immediately,* and enabling the patient to *lie down and sleep.* I suffered from this disease twelve years, but now suffer no longer, and work and sleep as well as any one. *Warranted* to relieve in every case. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, $1.00 per box and 10 cents for postage. CHAS. B. HURST, Rochester, Beaver co., Pa. de17-1y

OAK HALL,

The Largest Clothing House in America,

S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA. oct28-6t

WHISKERS! One package of Prof. Hall's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded; 25 cents a package, post-paid; or 3 for 50 cents. EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass. no4-4t

VINEGAR—how made—of Cider, Wine, or Sorgo, in 10 hours. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn. no2-13t

RUPTURE

Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound, Dec. 667 Broadway, N. Y. Send 10c. for book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure, with the Henry Ward Beecher case, letters and portrait. Beware of traveling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no Agents. sp8-1y

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, GUN MATERIAL. Write for Price List, to *GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS*, Pittsburg, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.* au5-26t

SLATE MANTELS

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order.

Factory and Salesroom,

1210 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

no16-17t WILSON & MILLER.

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, &c., causing nervous debility, premature decay, having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y. an13-1y

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, a retired physician, (and by nature a chemist) discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for **Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis and General Debility,** when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting humanity, he will send the recipe, containing full directions for making this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of **Consumption** that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, pervishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels and wasting away of the muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1038 RACE Street, Philadelphia, Pa., giving name of Saturday Evening Post. oct21-8m

DRUNKARD STOP! PEACE, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY RESTORED. OPIUM HABIT—UNFAILING REMEDY FOR THE OPIUM HABIT. SEND STAMP FOR BOOKLET. oct21-26t

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FOR THE U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience.

More than a thousand distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty; while still greater numbers of civilians, by their aid, fill important positions, AND EFFECTUALLY CONCEAL THEIR MISFORTUNE.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

PAMPHLETS, which contain the NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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nov5-tf

30 NEW SONGS, and 20 Receipts mailed free. T. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. oct21-13t

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Sample Clerk Wanted in a Drug Store.

Jem B—— is a wag. A joke to Jem is both food and raiment, and whenever there is an opening for fun, he "goes into" it.

Jem was recently in a drug store, when a youth, apparently fresh from the "mounting," entered the store, and at once accosted Jem, stating that he was in search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the wag.

"Oh, a'most anything—I want to get a kind of a genteel job; I'm tired o' farmin', an' kin turn my hand to almost anything."

"Well, we want a man—a good, strong healthy man, as sample clerk."

"What's the wages?"

"Wages are good; we pay $1000 to a man in that situation."

"What's a feller got to do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines, that's all. It requires a stout man, one of good constitution—and after he gets used to it, he doesn't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and before we sell any, we test every parcel. You would be required to take—say, six or seven ounces of castor oil some days, with a few doses of rhubarb, aloes, croton oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to test anything; but as a general thing, you can count upon—say from six to ten doses of *something* daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much—the testing department, simply, would be the principal labor required of you, and as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it—but you look hearty, and I guess you would suit us. That young man (pointing to a very pale-faced, slim-looking youth, who happened to be present,) has filled the post the past two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it. We should like to have you take right hold, if you are ready—and if you say so, we'll begin to-day. Here is a new barrel of castor-oil just come in; I'll go and draw an ounce—"

Here verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with,

"N-no, no, I g-u-ess not, not to-day, anyhow. I'll go down and see my aunt; and of I 'clude to come, I'll come up ter-morrer and let you know."

He has not yet turned up.

TRADE WITH A MONKEY.

Monkeys are scarce in Michigan. A saddler in Detroit kept one for a pet, who usually sat on the counter. A countryman came in one day, the proprietor being in a back room. The customer, seeing a saddle that suited him, he asked the price.

Monkey said nothing.

Customer said, "I'll give you twenty dollars for it," laying down the money, which the monkey shoved into the drawer. The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted him, tore his hair, scratched his face, and the frightened customer screamed for dear life. Proprietor rushed in and wanted to know what's the fuss.

"Fuss?" said the customer, "fuss? I bought a saddle of your son sitting there, and when I went to take it he wouldn't let me have it."

The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him that he was no relation.

MIGHTY POND OF THE WIDOWS.

The following story is related of an old man of strict creed and high moral standing in a community near this city. It is said that immediately following the death of his third wife he donned his coat and hat, and with a smiling face that indicated no thought of a failure, summoned a widow lady living in the neighborhood to the door and announced the news to her thus: "Good-mornin', ma'am, I'm 'round tellin' folks how my old woman's dead. Don't know for sartin that I shall get married again. You are aware, howsomever (with a knowing wink), that I'm mighty fond of the widders." His fourth marriage has been placed on record.—*Nashua N. H. Telegraph.*

POST AND PARSONS.

The following fresh trifle from an English party is not bad:

I was one morning overtaken by an active, hale old fellow, who had been a soldier and seen a great deal of service, but was at the time a river barge-man. In our journey we passed a directing post, with arms in good condition, and containing full information.

"Do 'ee know what that is?" said my companion.

"A directing post, of course."

"I call 't a parson."

"A parson! Why?"

"Cause 'ee tell'th the way, but dothn't go."

Before we separated we passed another post, which was very much dilapidated, and had lost its arms.

"If the post we saw just now was a parson," said I, "what's this one?"

"Oh, he's a bishop."

"Explain."

"He neither tell'th nor go'th."

A DRUNKEN fellow with a box of matches in his pocket, lay down on the sidewalk in Muscatine, the other day, to enjoy a quiet snooze. While rolling over in his sleep the matches took fire. Awakening, he snuffed the air suspiciously, smelt the burning brimstone, and ejaculated, "Just as I expected, in t'other place (hic,) by hokey."

A YOUNG lady, with a very pretty foot, but a rather large ankle, went into a San Francisco shoe store to be measured. The admiring clerk, who is of Gallic extraction, complimented her in the following queer way: "Madam, you one beautiful foot, but ze legs commence too immediately."

A DANDY of twenty-six, having been termed an old bachelor, appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age. "Twenty-six," said the elderly gentleman, "it's owing to how you take it. Now, for a man it is young enough, but for a goose it is rather old."

A FASHIONABLE lady covered with jewelry and having on a lace bonnet and shawl, complained of the cold, and asked a Quaker what she should do to get warm. "I really don't know," said the Quaker, "unless thee should put on another breastpin."

"Pat, 'who is this Nilsson we hear so much spakin' about in the newspapers?" "Don't you know, Mike? Why, it's that cuild seadivil, Nilsson, that fit the battle of the Nile, to be sure."

CURIOUS PREDICTION.—A priest of Toulouse has just published a curious work with the title, "End of the World in 1921," from which we extract this passage:—

"The world will come to an end in the year 1921, seven months, thirteen days, three minutes, thirty-one seconds, plus thirteen times the seventeenth part of a second, after the creation of Adam; which means in the month of July, thirteenth day, at three minutes 31 13-17 of a second past seven o'clock in the morning of the year 1921 of the Christian era."

☞ A young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as would not give him cause for jealousy."

BOY, *in hat*—"I say, what's the time, boy, is it twelve yet?"
SECOND BOY—"It carn't be mo-ore."
FIRST BOY—"What d'you mean; is it one yet?"
SECOND BOY—"It carn't be less."
FIRST BOY—"H'm—they want a fool down at the tavern, you'd better go for the situation."
SECOND BOY—"Oh! be you gwine to leave, then?"

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 2.

THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

In the Summer of 18— a party of us stood on the deck of the good Atlantic, bound for California. The gold fever was at its height. The epidemic had seized us, become seated upon our vitals, could not be broken up, and finally we were being carried off with it. Still the sight of tear-wet faces on the wharf waving adieus cooled our pulses somewhat you may depend.

We were a varied company. Hundreds on board the Atlantic were bound for the same goal. Broken down merchants, countrymen, gigantic lumbermen from the back woods of Maine, lawyers, doctors and dandys—no class was exempt from this yellow fever. Every one was flushed, and more or less expectant; but more or less of the ardor went by the board before we had doubled Cape Horn, you may be sure; and in that isolated world of shipboard, kindred spirit, so to speak, had mingled out kindred spirit, and many small bands of men had pledged themselves to stick together in the new scenes of danger in the wild country to which we were going.

It was nearly a six months' voyage around the Horn, you know, and we were glad enough to get to our journey's end, and stand once more on *terra firma*.

Among our gang was a rough, good-hearted fellow, named Daniel Long, from Maine. He stood six feet in his stockings, was loosely put together, but his joints were elastic, and his muscles like steel. Another squad that had come on board at New York, of more stylish make and polished manners, made him the target of considerable sharp witticism.

"You will have an advantage over the rest of us, Daniel. You can crane your neck and prospect the foot-hills of the Sierras without stretching a muscle."

"Which will be lucky for our party," said Doles, and Daniel nodded, and smoked away, taking their jokes with the utmost good nature.

Once in the land of promise, our party fitted for the expedition with pans, picks, crowbars, drills and so forth. We united our interest and funds, and purchased two pack mules at exorbitant prices. We kept putting on to these vixenish animals as long as we could find a place to fasten a pan or washbowl to.

Then attempting to weigh anchor, we found our vessels not obedient to the helm, and carrying too much ballast. The teamster prepared to cudgel them. Doles interfered, with his hat hanging on the back of his head, and wearing his thumbs thrust under his suspenders.

"Moral suasion—moral suasion," expostulated he, jerking his thumbs from their roost, and readjusting the creatures' accoutrements, one of the mules, meantime, smiling at him in a manner that exhibited all her teeth, and started the sweat upon the would-be driver's face.

"Come now, muletata," persuaded Doles, but she would not move on.

"I shall have to mount and persuade in that manner," affirmed he, and suiting the action to the word, he flashed his slight form amongst the heterogenous mass already balanced over the animal's spine.

"Now, muletata, get up."

She did so, but much to Doles confusion, she got up wrong end first, and away went the confidence man over her head, while a prodigious shower of traps followed in his wake.

"Preserve my remains," ejaculated he, rubbing his skins, and humping his eyebrows up in an amazed stare at the beast. "Stebbens, drive on! I shall walk."

We had it for a by-word for months.

"Stebbens drove on," and the way Doles walked after the mule with his eyebrows sent up in two miniature volcanic peaks would have delighted a comic picture artist. His amazement at the reception of his treatment by the ungrateful animal, did not die out for hours, nor his eyebrows sink to their level. And the way in which he would look at her by times, and flash those loose eyebrows about, convulsed the boys with laughter.

We moved forward towards the region on which has since been planted Sonora and Crescent city—then wild enough, but as prospectors told us, affording as good opportunities for the miner as any the gold region could boast.

We stacked our supplies and left a guard while a party of us set out to find the right locality for pitching our tents.

On the third day we returned, and moved on with our trains toward a picturesque ravine, having apparently every facility for successful mining.

We could dig our dust, and when the rainy season came, we could with little trouble arrange our sluices, so that they could be fed from the mountain streams as they poured from the chasms about us.

We took possession, staked out our claim and went to work. Every one seemed cheerful, if not happy. Many were gay to boisterousness. We had two tents, five in each, there being ten in our party. We drove our stakes on a sort of plateau—below us was the ravine, above us huge boulders, on either side ravines, boulders and chasms.

It was a wild, picturesquely beautiful place. Every man of us was in earnest and went into the labor with a will. Each one had his own private ambition or object for labor, and so the pickaxe clicked and shovels scooped the dirt into pyramids, and faces went unshaven and hands were begrimed with soil, and we grew hearty as sharks, and liked the excitement of the miner's life.

At night, while lounging about our fires, we could hear the fellows in the camps due north of us carousing, singing sometimes, and sometimes fighting. There were a host of foreigners on the slopes above us, working on what afterwards was the famous Sutter Claim, and we thought it our best way not to mix up with them much, for the quarrelsome foreigner is a troublesome fellow to deal with.

Among our boys the most earnest of the laborers was Daniel Long. We all knew the reason, too. He had a wife and quite a large family of children in Maine. He was likely to lose the old homestead where he lived, and it would break his old mother's heart to have to leave the beloved spot in her old age. He could not make the farm pay off the mortgage; and though it had been like rending soul and body asunder, he had started for this big point on the Pacific ocean to build up his fortune. He was rough and shaggy, but a colossus of moral worth and good-nature. We all sympathized with the big strokes of his pick, and wished some nuggets of solid ore might bounce out in his direction; and as far as digging was concerned, he did have good luck. Before three months of mining he had many ounces of scale gold and small nuggets. We rejoiced with him. Every evening he would exclaim, "So much nearer home, boys."

Yet he was always ready to put in more than his share when paying for supplies.

Dan had no cant about him, but he was religious. Every Sunday he washed and brushed up, read a chapter in the Bible, and sung old hymns in a rather harsh bass. He never went into the mines on Sunday; he joined none of the card playing; yet Doles voted him "a mighty good fellow to have lying round loose."

Just about the time the rainy season set in we had an addition to our number. We were wrigaling about getting supper, all being so hungry that we couldn't wait for our detailed cook to work alone, and tried to assist in that paradoxical way of each one crossing the other's path.

"There are some new-comers," said Dan, shading his eyes with his hand and following the tortuous ravine with his glance.

"Prospecters," said Doles, thrusting a wooden peg into the bannocks to see if they were done. "Drat it, I wish everybody would go to work." This was because he did not relish longer toasting over the fire.

Two men with the peculiar accoutrements of the miner were making directly for our perch; and if they had the least appreciation of the picturesque they must have been delighted with the scene. The slopes were dotted with men returning from their labors to the camping ground, their shouts of laughter and wild gibberish ringing through the gorges. The huge, natural amphitheatre, rock-ribbed, holding our impromptu hamlet in its giant arms; clumps of green trees dotting the crags like monster plumes in the helmets of giants; while here and there threads of water leaped in mimic cascades through the fissures, and sang themselves to sleep in the valleys.

Now and then a straggling party broke into peals of laughter as some staid individual, losing foothold on the lava-like soil, went scrambling down declivities, leaving a comet-like trail of dust behind him.

On all sides the evening camp-fires flicker and send grotesque shadows running up the ravines. Doles, toasting peg in hand, surveys the approaching party with threatening eye.

"Mere superfluities," he jerks out. Directly his eyebrows lift and down goes his peg.

"By the hair of Mahomet's eyebrows, if they are not two of the Atlantic fellows who sported 'biled rags,' and put on airs towards us of the check-shirt brigade."

We then all rushed out to welcome the new-comers. Firstly, because two weeks out of New York, on the passage to the Golden Land, they had come down from their perch, glad to mingle with the roughest of us. Secondly, in that wild country a familiar face was like a blaze of light from heaven.

They could not complain of their welcome. Doles immediately resumed his peg, cut a few more slices from our lean larder, and invited them to tarry and help stow away our W. J. goods. Not to loiter over details, the new comers seemed disposed to prospect mostly, scaling the slopes and scrambling down ravines and intervening "blow-holes," while the rest of us were making ready to rock the cradle when the wet season came on.

About this time, too, a party of Oregon trappers squatted a little below us, near a fine stream of water that made out from the mountains somewhere above, and shimmered away through the valley below. They were a rough, shaggy set; and they immediately fell into disrepute with our boys, mostly because of their unsociability. They straggled off by themselves, and played "poker" by themselves, and that was the reason our boys did not think so well of them.

You remember that I have said that Daniel Long had had a good run of luck in picking up scale and lump gold, and that we all rejoiced in his good luck; judge then of our indignation, when with a greatly disturbed countenance, he told us boys one breakfast time that he had been robbed.

"Every crumb gone, boys, and there was half enough to raise the mortgage on the old place."

Doles leaped to his feet, knife in hand, and his eyes blazed. "Boys, I swear ——," he paused. Stebbens sprang up, so did we all, and rushed to the place where the gold had been.

To the rear of our original camp we had added an appendix, "a gush out." Doles had it, tight and strong, in which our provisions were stored. It had a stone bottom, and was a cosy place. In here we flung our leathern pouches with whatever luck we had had, and considered them safe as we occupied the front part of the hut at night, and in the day time the door leading to the "gush out" was secured by clasp and padlock.

Each one looked at the other, for when we came to collect ourselves, we found every pouch emptied excepting Stebbin's, who, luckily, had his attached to his body by a belt.

"A clean thing, I swear," ejaculated Doles, flattening his empty wallet with one or two hearty slaps.

"As true as the deuce nobody can claim any partiality but Stebbens."

Stebbens looked confused, but soon explained the reason.

"Guess I'll be on the square with you by the time winter provisions are laid in."

We were aghast, for we remembered that in a few days we were to go to the station forty miles away for supplies for the rainy season.

Stebbens understood our speechless attitude.

"Never mind, boys; luckily I can empty my pouch for the good of the commonwealth."

"Three cheers for Richard Stebbens," proposed Doles.

We gave it with gusto.

After that somebody proposed setting a watch. It was met with roars of laughter.

"That's a joke," said long Dan, for so they had transposed his name, "if you'll just tell us what we've got to watch about this time, I'll give you my next nugget."

The ridiculousness of the idea came home with a general laugh.

The rainy season set in. We tried a sluice but did not like it, and so went to "sifting sand" as Ned Felix had it. Perhaps Doles made the most prominent figure in these amusing pictures. Squatted on his haunches, his hat hanging in a mysterious manner on the back of his head, with his wash-bowl between his knees, pealing out the old refrain of "Rock the cradle, Lucy."

The dirt yielded a fine deposit. In fact the country lying round about what is now Sonora and Crescent City, was some of the richest in the State. Dan's spirits were buoyant, his hopes high.

Never shall I forget his looks as he threw himself upon the rough bench one morning, while the rest of us were pottering about the breakfast. We gazed at him in dismay as he ejaculated—

"I swear, boys—" for this was the nearest approach to an oath that he had uttered since we had known him. "I swear, boys, I am going to give up."

"What is it, Dan?"

"We're robbed again."

"Impossible!" and each one of the boys was on his feet with an explosive ejaculation.

Five minutes search convinced us that he was right. Every pouch was emptied of the yellow dust.

"It is the devil, or it isn't," remarked Doles, with great force and lucidness.

We looked about us. Who could have done it? Our whole party was present, and as if the same thought had entered all minds at once, every man, one after the other, stripped and turned his pockets inside out to convince all present that he was free of the charge.

Stebbens and Felix went down to the camp of the Oregonians. They, to all appearance, were as much startled as ourselves.

"Some of that pig-tailed population yonder," jerked out a rough old fellow, pointing toward the foreign miners.

They told us the remark, and Doles wished he were the cholera a spell; he'd get among them and clean them out.

But the question was, how did they get in over so many sleeping men?

We couldn't answer that. The only thing which we did know was that more than half the results of six months' hard labor was gone. The effect upon Long Dan was pitiful. He could not eat nor sleep.

"But, Dan," said Doles, his voice full of pity, "if you are going to take it this way you'll never see Maine again. We shall have to sing the tune, 'try, try again.'" The half-serious, half-humorous advice hit the mark.

"You are right, Doles," said Long, and he was himself again.

We posted guards after that. Two of us each night, rain or shine, were to keep guard until the remainder of the heavy dust was clean, and started for San Francisco. One perched upon the boulders above, one on the plateau below, how could we be sufferers again? The idea was absurd. They would all be faithful, for all were alike interested. I mean the original camp, for the two prospectors had not tarried long with us. They chose rather to search for uncertain nuggets than to wash uncertain dust. They had stayed with us two or three weeks until we began to wash, and then declaring that they never could mine it that way, they shouldered their picks and started for the source of the Stanislaus.

In my frequent position of watchman, I puzzled much upon the mysterious robberies, trying to come to some solution. I could not. One moment I gave way to my distrust of the unsocial trappers, the next I said, "have we a Judas among us?"

We washed it all out; and by the fates! while the guard below walked in sight of me before the opening of the camp around its northern side, and I myself could sweep over and around it, we were robbed of every ounce of our hard earnings.

"It cannot possibly be anything less than the foul fiend himself," said one and all.

It hit us all pretty hard, but on no one was there such a visible effect as upon Daniel Long. He was completely unmanned. Had I not had faith in his religion I should have feared suicide, so terribly was he depressed.

We brought the trappers up to hunt for a trail, yet Felix and myself, who had stood guard through the night, would take oath that no human being was near the camp after bed-time.

They found no trail around the camp, neither did we expect they would. We knew not what to say, nor what to think.

Near sunset Dan went off by himself—was it to give vent to his emotions unobserved? or was he about to terminate his existence? Between the two opinions I hesitated to follow him, but as dusk approached my fears got the better of other reasons, and I started along a rocky shelf that overlooked the ravine and our tenting ground. About fifty yards below me, in a contrary direction from that where we had excavated, I discovered a figure whose Herculean proportions told me it was Dan. He immediately caught a glimpse of my figure against the sky and began gesticulating furiously. Something in his movements kept me silent, and I hurried down the jagged gulch. He hurried up to meet me, and his unshod feet and wild appearance gave me the impression that his mind was unhinged.

"What is it, Dan?"

"Do you believe in the supernatural, Carnes?"

"To a certain extent—why?"

"I have heard a voice in the air, and what do you think it said?"

I began to be alarmed.

"I have no idea," I replied, as calmly as possible.

"It was this—Daniel Long will kill himself now."

I seized Dan by the arm.

"Come away, you are a little upset and fanciful."

"No," he answered, shortly. "I know what you all think, but this was real. Pull off your boots and come with me."

Not knowing what to do, I followed him, keeping a sharp eye upon every movement.

"Make no noise" he whispered, scrambling down noiselessly. He then, at the turning of an angle, made by a boulder, sat me down with my back against a loose, upright wall of rocks.

I should have smiled at the ludicrousness of my position, had not my fears continually whispered, "he is mad."

"Five, ten minutes had elapsed."

"There!" he gasped, clutching my arm.

As true as the world I heard voices afloat in the air. He was not so wild then, after all.

Nearer and more distinct, and we drew ourselves closer into the chasm of rock.

Daniel shivered and waited; I bent my head in the direction of the sound and listened.

I arose stiff and palsied. I looked above, beneath and around me.

Blank and silent and starlighted, soon to be moonlighted. I took a different view of the matter from Dan, for I had heard these words:

"Not to-night. They will be astir.

I motioned Dan away from the spot.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"We are close upon the cave that conceals the robbers."

He sprang back as if charged with electricity, while vague possibilities ran through his mind.

"What are we to do?"

"We had better post a watch here—but they will not venture out in the night, for they know that we are astir. In the morning we can look up their place of entrance, and be ready for them—what do you say?"

"All right! I will remain while you go up and tell the boys."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Answers to Correspondents.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

LAURA M., (Washington, Pa.,) writes: "I am half ashamed to be coming to you with troubles for which I fear you can help me to no remedy. But there is some consolation in pouring one's troubles even into the ear of an unknown friend. I have allowed myself (or perhaps could not help myself) to become attached, passionately attached to a gentleman; and the one great fear of my life is that my affection is not reciprocated. He is my friend, my best friend, but has given me no reason to think that his feeling goes beyond friendship. Is there no modest means by which I may induce him to reveal his true sentiment without exposing my own? No covered way to a lover's heart in which a maiden may walk unseen? I would not have him know that I had given him an unasked-for love, not for worlds. Pray excuse me for troubling you, but I am very anxious for disinterested advice and do not know where else to seek it. Please answer soon." We can answer soon, but, we fear, not satisfactorily. Having never tried the underground railroad between lover's hearts, we really do not know how to obtain a response without a question. There are ways the ladies have, winning ways, by which they get within the guard of the gentlemen, but how can an old Post be expected to know anything about them? If he has any loving feeling for you he will not fail to see that you return it. If he has not, you do not want him. You can only watch, wait, and hope for the best.

MARIA, (St. Paul, Minn.,) writes: "I am seventeen years of age. I have been acquainted for a year past with a young gentleman who declares he loves me, and I am sure I love him. But there is no engagement between us, nor does he ever propose such a thing, nor offer to speak to my parents in regard to it. Now am I right in permitting this sort of thing to continue? As he plainly expresses his love for me, would it be unmaidenly in me to propose an engagement? Men are proverbially uncertain creatures, and I love this one so well that I am anxious to change the uncertainty into a certainty. Would you advise me to pursue the course mentioned, or shall I wait until he chooses to speak? You will greatly oblige me by an early answer." Far be it from us to sit in judgment on your actions, and declare your intentions unmaidenly or otherwise. Your friends and neighbors will relieve us of that disagreeable duty, and, should you do as you propose, will be sure to hear of it and certain to condemn it. We think you had better "possess your soul in patience," and wait until your lover "declares his intentions." Perhaps if you were to be a little less loving for awhile, you might induce him to speak his mind more plainly.

MARY, (St. Francisville, La.,) asks: "Will you give me directions how to write pieces that I wish to have published? I am not speaking of the matter but of the manner. Does it require a thick paper, or is the paper that I write this letter on suitable? How much margin is to be left? Must the handwriting be large, &c.? I know that but one side of the paper should be written on." We are obliged to suppress the first portion of this correspondent's letter, as our modesty will not permit us to print the highly complimentary language in which she speaks of our department. We must admit that it is a gratification to us to find our humble efforts to give advice and information so fully appreciated, and hope we may continue to be equally fortunate. In regard to your question, the paper used in your letter would answer the purpose very well; as also your handwriting. It is not necessary to leave any special margin, except sufficient to prevent your writing being crowded. The great desideratum is to write so that your manuscript can be easily read. Particularly in writing proper names be sure and spell plainly.

HARRY (Parker, Pa.) writes: "I have been reading Dow, Jr.'s short patent sermons, from a book that has no preface thereto. I have endeavored by inquiry to learn who Dow, Jr., was, and whether he was classed as much of a literary man. Please inform me of him through the columns of your paper." Dow, Jr., was the nom-de-plume of E. F. Paige, an eccentric individual who was quite popular some years ago. He spent the latter portion of his life in California, and, we believe, died there. He had a reputation somewhat similar to that of Mark Twain, Nasby, and others of the present day. But his notoriety has sunk in the flood of similar matter with which the world has since been deluged.

M. P. (Southington, Conn.) says: "I have lately met the phrase 'Tomb of Atreus,' in an article on Greece. Is this the burial place of the Grecian commander in the Trojan war? I had supposed that Homer's characters were mostly fabulous." We certainly have no authority for their historical existence more reliable than the Iliad, and that makes no pretension to be history. The "Tomb of Atreus" is the local name of a very remarkable structure, near the city of Mycenæ, Greece, of the origin of which nothing is known. It is probably much older than Homer and his heroes. It is a dome-shaped edifice, in form like the pointed half of an egg, about sixty feet high. It is built of huge blocks of stone that successively overlap, till they meet at the top, the projecting corners being cut away. This forms what is known as the Cyclopean arch. The structure is covered with earth. Its doorway is formed of immense blocks, so huge that it is still a mystery how they were lifted.

VOLTA (Charleston) asks: "Will you oblige by informing me of the difference between Induction and Conduction of Electricity? I have a confused idea of what is meant by these terms, but would like to have some clearer light upon them." When the Electric force, fluid, or whatever it is, being applied at one end of a wire, appears at the other end, it is said to be Conducted along the wire. Induction takes place when a second wire is placed near a wire connected with the battery. If an Electric current is sent along this conducting wire, a momentary current of Inducted Electricity appears in the other, moving in the opposite direction. If the connection be broken in the primary wire so as to stop the current, another momentary current appears in the second wire, in the same direction as the main current.

M. J. G. (East Paw Paw, Ill.,) writes: "Will you please notice the following questions? Can you add to the lists of paid contributors? Are authors required to fully or partially punctuate their MSS? What is the best system of punctuation? Is my handwriting good enough for all the ordinary purposes of life? If I should send on my MSS for examination would you publish them if they were up to the usual standard? Do you think that I could become a successful author? and do the most of the literary aspirants succeed in their efforts? and how long does it take for them to obtain their laurels?" By examining the statement at the head of this column you will find our opinion upon several of your questions. Punctuate to the best of your knowledge and ability. Your handwriting will answer. Plainness is all we require. How can we answer your last question [illegible] hearing seen any of your articles? [illegible] rands fall, and of those who succeed to achieve success, from a year

J. A. D. (Poplar Bluffs, Mo.,) asks: "Which is the most numerous religious denomination in the world? 2d. Which are the more numerous, Methodists or Catholics? 3d. Which are the most numerous, Methodists or Baptists?" 1st. The Buddhists—some say Buddhism includes nearly half the population of the globe. If you refer to Christian sects alone, the Roman Catholics are the most numerous, they numbering about 200,000,000 to 100,000,000 Protestants, and 80,000,000 of the Greek church. This will serve as an answer to your second question. 3d. The Methodists.

RIDDLER.

METAGRAM.

I am composed of 4 letters, and am the most good.
Change my first, I am a joke.
Change it again, I am a bird's bed.
Change it again, I am a plague.
Change it again, I am to repose.
Change it again, I am a trial
Change it again, I am a garment.
Change it again, I am a point of the compass.
Change it again, I am the foam of beer.
Change it again, I am a relish.
Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

RIDDLE.

My first's a dirty little brute,
My second's at the end on't;
My third, like many an honest man,
Is on a fool dependant.

WORD SQUARE.

To make as one's own.
To hinder.
Fat to excess.
An adhesive mixture.
The largest of the vegetable kind (plural.)

ERL.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A straight pipe, 40 feet long, 4 inches in diameter, closed at the bottom, and full of ice, is inverted in a barrel 2 feet in diameter. Supposing the specific gravity of ice 0.9, and the height of the water barometer 30 feet—how high will the water rise in the barrel when the ice melts?

ARTEMAS MARTIN,
M'Kean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is an umbrella like a cook's perquisites? Ans.—When it's dripping.

☞ Pray tell us when a farmer would have the best opportunity of overlooking his pigs? Ans.—When he has a sty in his eye!

☞ What other edifice does a man sometimes carry about with him besides a sty in his eye? Ans.—A castle in the (h)air!

☞ Apropos of a castle in the air—when is a cockney nearest heaven? Ans.—When on a lark!

☞ Why is a moth fluttering round a candle, like a man getting off a horse? Ans.—Because they are both going to a-light.

☞ What is the difference between an oyster and a chicken? Ans.—One is best right out of the shell, and the other isn't.

☞ Why do hens always lay eggs in the day-time? Ans.—Because at night they are roosters.

☞ When do miners resemble a rowing club? Ans.—When they rest on their oars.

☞ And now tell us when a man's like a cannon-ball? You mean to say you don't know—what, not when a man's like a cannon-ball? Ans.—Why, it's when he looks round—to be sure.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—A Sabbath day's journey. CHARADE—Court-ship. RIDDLE—A clergyman.
WORD SQUARE—

LEAST
EAGLE
AGREE
SLEET
TEETH

RECEIPTS.

DRYING PUMPKINS.—We love pumpkin pies, especially when there is not an abundance of tree fruit. We have tried all modes of drying, but no plan is equal, we think, to this: "Take the ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates in layers not quite an inch thick; dry it down in the stove oven, kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stored away in a dry place, and they are always ready for use for pies or sauce. Soak the pieces over night in a little milk, and they will return to a nice pulp, as delicious as the fresh pumpkin—we think much more so. The quick drying after cooking prevents any portion from slightly souring, as is always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried; the flavor is much better preserved, and the after cooking is saved. This plan is quite as little trouble as the old mode, to say nothing of the superiority in the quality of the material obtained. Try it and you will not return to the old method, we are sure, and you will also become a great lover of pumpkin pie, all the year round.

JELLY CAKE.—To three well beaten eggs add one cup of powdered sugar, one of flour; stir well, and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of water. Bake in two pie-pans; spread as even as possible. Have ready a towel, and as soon as done, turn the cake on it, bottom side up; then spread evenly with jelly, roll up quickly, and wrap in a towel.

CREAM CAKES, SUCH AS CONFECTIONERS USE.—*For the Crust.*—Ten eggs, one pint of water, one-half pound of butter, three-fourths pound of flour, one small teaspoonful of dry saleratus. Boil the water and butter together, and just as they begin to boil stir in the flour; when cooled a little add the egg, which must be well beaten; drop these with a spoon on the pan you wish to bake them in, leaving room for them to rise without touching each other, and bake in a quick oven.

For the Cream.—Four eggs, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of flour, one quart of milk. Boil the milk, then add the eggs, sugar and flour, well beaten; flavor with lemon. To be put into the cakes while hot. This quantity will make about forty cakes.